



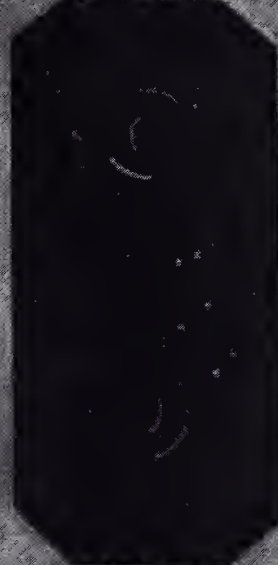
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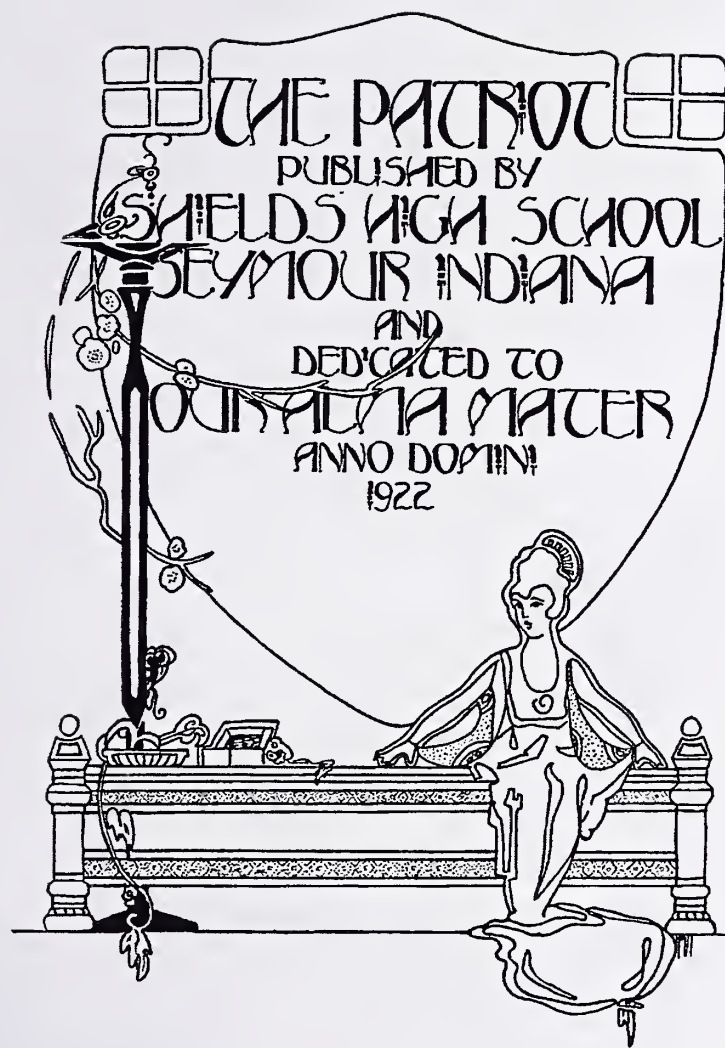


1922



LEND THY SERIOUS HEARING
TO WHAT I SHALL UNFOLD
SHAKESPEARE





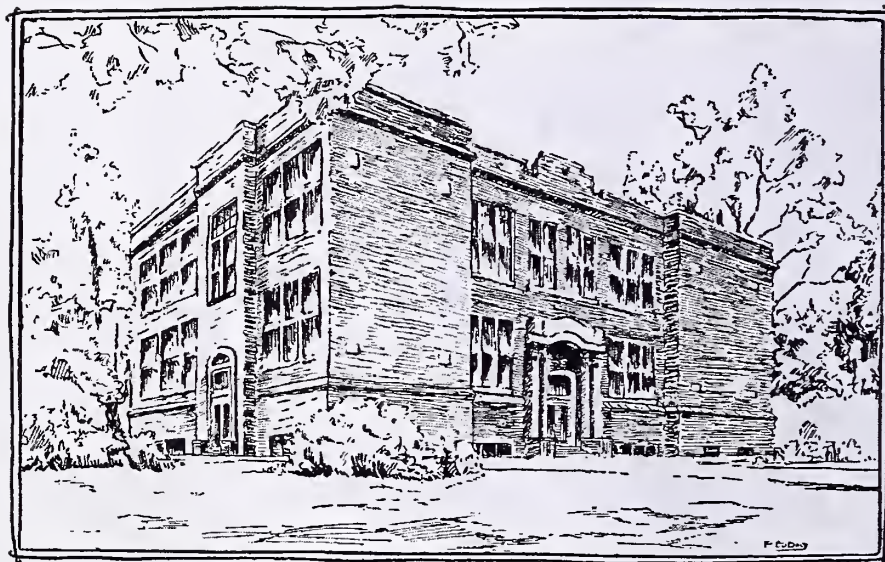




FOREWORD

OLD AGE DRAW BACK
THE CURTAIN OF TIME
CALL MEMORY AND LET
US LIVE ONCE MORE
IN THE PAGES OF
OUR PATRIOT
THE EXPERIENCES
OF HIGH SCHOOL DAYS





TO
SHIELDS HIGH SCHOOL
WHOSE INFLUENCE HAS
LEFT UPON OUR LIVES
A LASTING IMPRESSION
FOR GOOD
AND WHOSE ASSOCIATIONS
HAVE INSPIRED IN US A
SINCERE LOYALTY
WE THE CLASS
OF NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO
DEDICATE THIS OUR ANNUAL

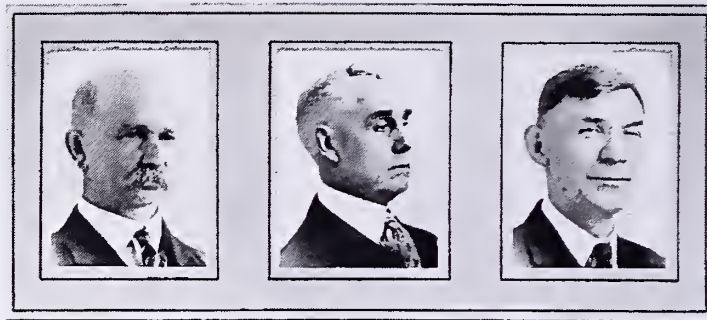


Thomas Abbott Mott
Superintendent of Public Schools



Kate Ferris Andrews
Principal of Shields High School

BOARD OF EDUCATION



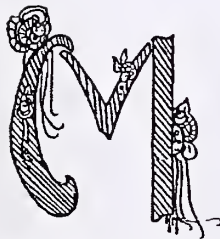
CLARK B. DAVIS
President

R. J. BARBOUR
Treasurer

EDWARD MASSMAN
Secretary

SHIELDS HIGH SCHOOL

KATE F. ANDREWS.



MAY the eighteenth will stand in the calendar of Shields High School as one of her "red letter" days, for on that date a decision was made that will affect her future growth and usefulness.

Within the last few years, although there has been very little increase in the entire school enumeration, the number of students in both Junior and Senior High Schools has increased about 75 per cent in the one and over 100 per cent in the other; and today we have in both departments an enrollment of about five hundred and fifty.

Under these conditions of growth, it inevitably happened that our building, erected when we numbered little over one hundred and fifty in the Senior High School, became too small for the increasing numbers, and it was felt by all of those closely associated with the school and knowing well all conditions that there must be built an addition that would enable us to have more adequate housing facilities.

The Board of Education, alive to the needs of the Schools of Seymour, decided to put up two buildings. One to take the place of the present Laurel School; the other an addition to the Shields, which should furnish not only delightful rooms for the six lower grades now housed with the high schools in the Shields building, but an auditorium and gymnasium now greatly needed.

After the Board had made its decision to enlarge the Shields school and had gone through all necessary preliminaries, as to contracts and so forth, the bond issue was approved by the council and all seemed to be moving smoothly when a bomb was thrown in the form of a protest. As this necessitated a hearing before the State Tax Board, there was a slight delay in proceedings. However, a speedy hearing was given, the bonds were sold at an unusually high premium subject to the approval of the Tax Board and on May the eighteenth the bond issue was legalized.

Now all is ready and before many days have passed, the first shovelful of dirt will have been dug and our much needed addition will have been commenced. Our dream is that by next year instead of holding classes in the hall, office, and gymnasium, all of the teachers may have well-lighted, adequately equipped recitation rooms.

This new building will join by a connecting corridor the present High School at the southwest corner; with a frontage of 178 feet it will extend west 71 feet. On the first floor will be a standard gymnasium, 70 by 40 feet, at the west end of which is a stage and on the other three sides seats above which is a balcony. This room can be used not only for work in physical culture, but for basketball and all in-door athletics. In the front part of this floor will be office rooms; and by the stage will be dressing rooms and lavatories.

Built of brick like that of the present structure and of the same style the two buildings will have a unity of effect and appeal strongly from the standpoint of architectural beauty. It is estimated that the cost for the completed building will be \$71,553.

We understand that a building does not make a school; the fine teacher, the eager student, and a splendid spirit of co-operation are the first essentials. These we do have and the high place that Shields High School holds in the educational world is testimony to this. But a larger building adapted to our increased numbers; needed equipment for more effective instruction; additional room that will enable us to put into our school courses of study and even of play that could not be introduced before, because of lack of space; all of these factors will add to the effectiveness of the High School of Seymour as an influence in upbuilding the citizenship of Seymour. None realize this more than the teachers and students and all appreciate the active interest and wise effort of the superintendent and Board, and the enlightened and altruistic attitude on the part of the council and citizens that have made possible these greater educational opportunities for the children of Seymour.



L. A. ACKERMAN
Arithmetic
Physiology



KATE ANDREWS
Principal
English



RACHEL BARBOUR
Music



AGNES COBB
Mathematics



ELEUTHERA DAVISON
English



T. J. DUE
History



DORIS GEILE
History



MABEL HANNA
French



H. C. HENDERSON
Agriculture



HILDA HOWE
Domestic Science



KATHRYN KESSLER
Latin



MINA MCHENRY
English



J. R. MITCHELL
*Manual Training
Arithmetic*



MILDRED MYERS
Latin



VEVA PAUL
Art



C. H. PHILLIPS
Science



ESTHER SMALL
*Botany
Geography*



LENORE SWAILS
*English
Physiology*



GLADYS TILLY
Mathematics

LITERARY



WHEN WISHES WERE HORSES

MARY VIRGINIA BROWN.



HAD it not been for little Denny Gorgan, Zandra Mahorney, who lived next door to him, might have considered her lot a hard one. Zandra was, as she herself explained, "A perfect orphan, with not even so much as a grandmother," while Denny had a drunken father, a step-mother, a step-brother, and "oceans and oceans of other steps in his family."

She was sorry for him and would often tell him stories to take his mind away from conditions around him. She would tell him how little boys who had been good all the year would write a letter to Santa Claus, telling him what they wanted most, and how he would usually bring it.

As that was last Fourth of July, Zandra (she was called that because her mistress thought that Alexandria was not a fitting name for a kitchen maid) thought that surely by Christmas poor little lame Denny would forget all about it; but he did not. He had asked for a horse and when Zandra asked him if two handkerchiefs would not do, he drew his sleeve across his upturned nose and replied, "I don't nade 'em and I want a harse."

Poor Zandra! What could she do! She had only fifty cents to her name, and that she had seen Mr. Gorgan drop from his dirty handkerchief, when he had told Father Cassidy how sick he had been. He had been so sick, he said, that he had been "seein' things."

"First it was fleas, then it was bumble bees, and last it was cats," admitted Mr. Gorgan.

"You see, 'things' get larger and larger and more dangerous," said Father Cassidy, "If you don't stop drinking pretty soon, your days are numbered."

Then the two men had walked on, leaving the fifty cent piece in the grass. Right then and there Zandra decided that Denny should have a Christmas gift purchased with his own father's money. But how could a "harse," a rocking "harse" big enough for Denny, be purchased for fifty cents!

She might go to a second-hand store and perchance find something there that would answer the purpose of a horse, or she might purchase one on the installment plan, but when would she, a mere kitchen maid ever pay the remainder!

Then one morning, as she was hanging up clothes, she happened to think that hobby horses were things not easily broken, but more easily outgrown. Around in the neighborhood there might be a hobby horse that had been out-

grown by its master, who would be only too glad to give it as a Christmas gift to a little lame boy.

Oh! Happy thought! She had found a plan. She decided to use that fifty cents to pay for an advertisement in the paper for a hobby horse. She remembered that Mr. O'Donnel had once said, "It pays to advertise."

That night after much deliberation, Zandra put her advertisement together. After it was finished, it looked something like this:

"Poor little lame boy would like a second-hand hobby horse.
If you have any to give, please leave it at 1420 Small Street
in the alley, back of the house."

She hoped Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnel would not read the ad in the paper and that they would have company Christmas Eve, "so the coast would be clear."

Her wish came true, for company carried the O'Donnels to the movies and Zandra was left to herself.

Presently she heard the whirr of a car, and looking out of the pantry window, she saw the glaring headlights of the car piercing the darkness. The auto stopped, a man got out and set a hobby horse under the specified maple tree. Zandra leaped with joy, and ran down the alley to see the horse safely placed in the Gorgan's back yard.

As she tripped gayly back to her home, she saw beneath the maple tree another horse. She listened as she heard the merry voices of carol singers, coming down the alley.

"Don't they sound happy," she said to herself, "and won't Denny be the very picture of happiness when he sees two 'horses' instead of one.

"Here's the horsey you wanted," one of them cried, coming nearer.

"Thank you," said Zandra, "but you must have wanted it awful bad yourself." Her heart moved with kindness at their liberality.

"Not like we wanted the little lame boy to have it," he answered moving on.

Altogether there were eight donations. Some were certainly objects for the tender ministrations of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," but would have appealed to the heart of any boy.

In spite of the fact that it was a holiday and the O'Donnels had a late breakfast, Zandra was delighted to find that the Gorgans, too, had arisen late. To be able to behold the joy on Denny's face when he first beheld the chargers was itself Christmas present enough for Zandra.

When she saw Mrs. Gorgan, she was just turning unbelievably from the window.

"Holy Mither of Moses!" she ejaculated.

"Horses," gasped Denny. "I wished for one and I prayed for one, and now I got more."

"You prayed too hard," replied Mrs. Gorgan.

Mr. Gorgan, who had spent the evening before in town, came slowly into the room. He gave one look at the window, fell back, and made a dash for the door.

"Where on earth are you going, now?" asked his wife.

"To Father Cassidy, to make a pledge," he answered. "Things keep a' gitten' bigger and bigger and now I'm secin' unicorns."

THE ITALIANS

MATHILDE KESSLER, '22.

GIVE me the welcomin' han',
Ah—Melicans, welcome me—do!
I come far away to this lan'
To begin life afresh, life anew.

Don' laugh at ma funny ole face!
I know these clothes—they all queah,
But—gie me the welcomin' hand,
Instead of that laugh, and a jeer!

Ah come heah to work an' to live,
In this lan' of ma long-ago dreams,
So—gie me the welcomin' hand,
A regula' smile full o' beams.

Ah, Melicans surely are happy,
Now—make me a happy one, too;
Oh—gie me the welcomin' hand,
Oh, Melicans! welcome me—do!

AUTUMN

FRANCIS EUDALY, '23.

THE sun to rest sinks in the west,
The end of a day is near;
A lonely thrush sings in a bush
Whose leaves are brown and sear.

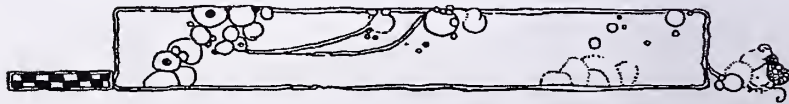
The sky o'erhead is gold and red,
A wedge of geese goes o'er;
The autumn leaves fall off the trees
And cover the forest floor.

There is a nook beside the brook,
A bit of beauty rare,
That thrills the heart and makes one start,
When one comes on it there.

The slender trees, the autumn leaves,
The ferns beside the stream,
The marvelous sky stained with God's dye
Appear as in a dream.

The days go on; the beauty's gone
From the trees and the woods and the hill.
Soft falls the snow and the cold winds blow;
The voice of the thrush is still.

But God is not gone; his work is not done,
On the trees or the hill or the wood,
He only doth rest, He knoweth best
That the world will go on as it should.



THE GOLDEN CHRYSANTHEMUM

EMALYN COLLINS, '22.



RICHARD Barnstone rose as usual on this October morning, had breakfast with his wife and little son, Dick, and left for the office with his customary cheerfulness.

In the morning mail, he received an invitation to lunch from Mr. David Grenvil, who stated that he wanted to see Mr. Barnstone on business. Richard was perplexed and at the same time a little flattered to think that the senior partner of the great company of Grenvil-Parker would ask him to lunch. The more he thought of it, the more perplexed his mind became and when he left the office at noon on his way to lunch with the noted Mr. Grenvil, he was in a state of great anxiety.

Now, Richard was merely an under-secretary in the head office of the firm which was a bitter rival of the Grenvil-Parker establishment.

Nevertheless, when a meeting of importance was called, Barnstone was generally included among those present, and his opinion in serious matters was by no means disregarded. He was recognized as a man of sane judgment and high ambitions, mingled with the courage and confidence of youth. It was in vain that Richard wondered what Grenvil could want with him and what the "important business" was that he wished to discuss.

On arriving at the club, he was met by Mr. David Grenvil, a small nervous man, who, after few preliminaries stated his business. He began by tactfully ridiculing Richard's present salary, which Richard had to admit was only moderate, even though it had been large enough to support himself, his wife and son, Dickie, and to afford a small bank account which he hoped some day would be large enough to give Dickie a fine education. His highest ambition and goal was to educate his son and to give him every advantage that was in his power.

As these thoughts were going through his mind, Mr. Grenvil continued.

"It's preposterous," thumping the floor with his cane, "to think that a fine young man of your experience and knowledge should stay in that office, receiving a meager sum of one hundred and fifty dollars a month! A man of your ambition and high ideals ought to be getting five hundred a month and I am here to offer it to you!"

Richard listened, attentive yet doubtful, expectant but hesitating. Five hundred dollars per month would increase that little bank account much beyond Richard's expectations.

In brief, Grenvil's proposition was this: Barnstone was to remain in the employ of the American Company for several weeks—at least long enough to find out what the firm was going to bid at the next stockholder's meeting. Richard shook his head, for he knew that to give Grenvil this bit of knowledge would mean a great financial loss to his present employers. It would be playing false to the company with which he had been so long connected to quietly resign from the American Company and transfer to the Grenvil-Parker Establishment as Junior partner with five hundred dollars a month and promised advancement.

Richard begged leave to consider the matter until the next morning when he would let him know his decision. Grenvil agreed and impressed upon him the facts that no one would ever know about this little business, that he would be perfectly safe, and that he had a perfect right to change positions if another offered better opportunities.

Barnstone returned to the office with a heavy heart and a cloudy mind. He could not work. He had to think this thing out—get it off his mind. He left the office and started home, although it was only mid-afternoon. As he walked his mind became clearer and he was able to think. Why shouldn't he accept Grenvil's offer? He was under no obligations to his company and there was no reason why he should stay with them if someone else offered a better salary.

But his inner-self answered, "Would you enjoy the results of this better offer if it is obtained by deceit and underhanded schemes?" Richard knew that it was not an honorable plan and that his transference would not be a loyal thing. To disclose the knowledge that Grenvil was desirous of having was anything but the deed of a gentleman.

But the money! That salary which would increase the bank account that some day was to put Dickie through college. Richard's heart beat rapidly as he thought of the increased advantages of a boy who has money behind him. No one would know of it. Hadn't Grenvil said that he would keep it quiet? And then—what was there really to be ashamed of? He would merely transfer from one company to the other, an act which was being done every day.

Arguing and arguing, he finally determined to accept the offer.

It was late afternoon when he turned his steps toward home. The little place looked like a fairy's castle. The tiny white cottage enshrined in trees; the rows of white and yellow chrysanthemums; it was truly a scene that would grace fairyland.

Richard entered the house very quietly for it seemed as if there was a charm on the little home. He seemed afraid of breaking the quiet and peace that reigned.

He opened the door and before him was as pretty a picture of home, comfort and happiness as any man could wish. His wife, Beatrice, was sitting before the fire, telling little Dick, who sat at her feet, a fairy story. The flame

in the fireplace sent a soft glow over the room, the only light. Richard, weary with the day's problems, sank in a nearby chair and listened. Beatrice, unaware of his entrance, was saying:

"Vallalila and Granmer were brother and sister and lived with their old grandmother in a beautiful valley, where there were lots of flowers and trees, and where the sun shed its warm rays upon their little home and where the raindrops played upon the cottage roof. Vallalila was a golden-haired girl as bright and cheerful as the beams that come from the sun. But Granmer was dark-haired and had black eyes. Sometimes he was dark and ugly like the sky in a storm and the flashes from his eyes were as bright and keen as those of the lightning. Most of the time, however, he was like his sister and they spent many happy hours together in the woods.

One beautiful day in October, when many, many leaves had fallen on the ground, Vallalila and Granmer were playing. Suddenly, the little girl gave a cry and when Granmer ran to her, he found her bending over a large beautiful, white flower. At its side grew a large yellow one. Granmer, attracted by the bright gleams of the yellow, seized it and cried, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Aren't they beautiful? Mine is the prettiest! You can have the pale white ones, but I like yellow!"

But Vallalila was very pleased with hers and broke it from the stem and ran to her grandmother. When Granmer plucked his from the stem, he felt it grow hard in his hands and turn to solid gold. But he was overjoyed! He ran to his grandmother and she told them that the flowers were called chrysanthemums, and had probably been planted there by the "Fairy of Fate."

"The golden chrysanthemum will bring you boundless wealth," she told Granmer.

"But dear Vallalila," she said as tears fell from her eyes, "Fate has decreed that you will have to suffer for the joys of another."

"Oh, no!" cried Granmer, "She will never suffer, for I won't let her! I'm going to take care of her forever and ever."

Poor Granmer! He little knew that he was to be the cause of all her sorrow.

For several years the two children were happy and played together in their valley. But one day, Granmer grew tired of his life there, so taking his golden chrysanthemum, he kissed his sister good-bye and left for the larger world beyond. Vallalila was very sad for she loved Granmer dearly.

One day in October Granmer had left his mansion and was walking down the long walk to the waiting carriage. It was a beautiful day and the storm on his face appeared to have somewhat abated. He was inspecting the lawn as he walked and an attractive bunch of flowers growing near the well caught his

eye. He went over to examine them and recognized them as chrysanthemums, as beautiful as those that he and Vallalila had found so many years ago. Memories of his little sister and of the beautiful valley flooded his mind and he was very sad.

"Oh, Vallalila," he cried. "How could I have ever forgotten you so long? Will you forgive me? I need you so—oh—so much!"

He broke the flower from its stem and much to his dismay he saw it wither and fade in his hand. He realized the significance of the act at once and when he remembered the little girl in the valley and his neglect and disregard of her, he was overcome with sorrow.

Granmer's grief was so deep that he sent messengers to all parts of the kingdom to hunt for his sister but they could not find her. When all of the messengers returned and reported their failure, Granmer decided to set out himself in search of Vallalila.

He searched for many many days and finally, weary and footsore, he reached his native home. He hardly recognized it. The place where everything once had been so happy and peaceful now was gloomy and dreary.

He was so sad and weary that he sank down on a nearby log and wept. He had found the cottage, old and desolate, but he could not find his sister. He looked again at the scene before him and he saw this time growing beside the cottage door, a single chrysanthemum on a tall slender stem, graced with beautiful leaves.

He went to it and when he touched it he saw the beautiful flower change its form and take on the appearance of his much sought sister, Vallalila.

"Oh, Granmer, I'm so glad you've come back to me," she cried, "You don't know how sad I have been. I couldn't stand it any longer so the 'Fairy of Fate' changed me into my white chrysanthemum. I've waited so long and I thought you never would come back."

Granmer felt very sad when he thought of the suffering and sorrow he had caused her but now that he had her back, he was happy. They returned to Granmer's home and lived happily ever after, never forgetting the white and golden chrysanthemums."

When Beatrice finished her story, Richard rose from his chair and joined the two before the fire.

"Beatrice," he said, "The time has come when I am to choose between the white and golden chrysanthemums. I almost chose the golden, but due to your beautiful little story, my honor is saved and tomorrow—I will refuse the golden and—accept the white chrysanthemum."

JUST A POEM

EMALYN COLLINS, '22.

SOME write poems for recreation
Some write them as their vocation.
There are others who write by inspiration
When filled with hate or perhaps adoration.
There have been poets who sang for fashion,
Who have had a song for every occasion;
But when we were required to write an oration
That was to be in verse and without limitation,
You certainly could have heard the palpitation
Of my heart—without exaggeration!
She said, "There must be no imitation,
There ought not be any repetition;
You may write about any law or nation,
But it must express some high elation!"
And so, if this poem causes any sensation
And there should be heard such cries as "Cessation"
And you feel you are very near suffocation
But still would desire some illumination,
As to why I've attempted such an oration
Just know it's because of an adjuration
And the wish to escape that flagellation.



WHY-FOR

RAYMOND FEASTER, '24.



IT up, thar!, John Evans Lee!" shouted the buxom old negro woman as she dexterously flopped the pancakes she was frying.

The covers of the bed on the other side of the room shook slightly.

"Git out, you all, if you'se gwine t' th' centinnial."

A black curly head of hair followed by a shining black face emerged into the beam of sunshine that fell through the open door.

"Hurry up, now! yo' breakfus' am jes' about ready," she continued, still busy flopping the pancakes.

"Cain't ah try to ride that goat jes' once?" eagerly came from John Evans Lee.

"Ain't ah done said no?" emphatically.

"Why for?"

"I can't have no broke bones fer t' fool with roun' this jint," she answered firmly, with a flourish of her broad right hand that boded much ill if he should dare disobey.

This was the day that the little town of Denleyville down in Tennessee was going to celebrate it's hundredth birthday with a great ceremony. Among other features of the occasion was to be one that had attracted wide-spread interest among the younger members of the village.

An enterprising merchant of the town was offering a ten dollar bill to the youth who could ride Widow Johnson's goat, whose services had been offered with the remark, "Maybe that'll take him down a notch!"

And here let it be said that certain people (who had been so conceited as to think they could make up with him) had found that he had great "hitting strength" and a quick and furious temper. The Widow herself had had an encounter with him, to her own discomfort.

One morning as she was taking some corn through his lot to her chickens, the goat, who was accustomed to receiving a share, became angry when his mistress refused to give him a portion and promptly turned into a battering ram. The result was that he got all the corn and the Widow spent the next four days in bed with fresh applications of hot cloths applied every five minutes and a strong denunciation of the goat pronounced between each groan.

Goaded on by the thought of winning the ten dollar bill and the popularity it would bring with it, John Evans had built many air castles that came

tumbling about him, when his mother had flatly refused to give her permission for any such exploit.

Although his spirits were lowered greatly by his mother's obstinate refusal, he was determined to make up for his disappointment with taffy, ice cream and various amusements.

Ten o'clock found him in the huge, sweating circle of humanity, with all the taffy he could chew stuffed into his mouth.

The goat amid many cheers was led in, and, when loosed, stood rolling his eyes from side to side, as if he were coolly sizing up his opponents.

There was a great hush, as the crowd waited to see who should be the first to try his luck and a shout of applause arose as a short stocky negro boy ran at the goat. There was a cloud of dust and when the air was clear the boy was seen picking himself up and limping off as he shook his head dubiously.

During the next half hour more than a score of boys were stretched in the dust by the force of the goat's powerful head-on rushes and then walked off (if they were able) with the jeers of the crowd ringing in their ears. With the defeat of each of his companions, John Evans grew more restless and temptation grew stronger; but the thought of his mother's broad palm quieted all his vain longings.

The goat's temper had been rising too. It was quite perplexing to the goat who was seldom out of his quiet lot, to be surrounded by this yelling throng. Suddenly he made a rush at the circle. The crowd scattered and he headed for John Evans.

John Evans jumped, but too late, and the goat hit him squarely. He was tossed high enough, however, for the goat to run between his legs. He landed squarely upon the enraged animal's back and automatically clamped his legs around its body.

There was a shout of surprise as the goat started on a bee-line for home with the scared and aching John Evans on his back.

A few minutes later the crowd found the boy perched on a post in front of the widow's house with the goat keeping close guard.

John Evans spent the rest of the day lying face down in bed but the next morning he was up limping around outside and telling about his ride to his less fortunate friends and adversaries.

"Come set down an' eat yo' breakfus' honey," called the proud mother from the front door of the little cabin.

"Ah cain't set down!" exclaimed the boy in disgust.

"Why John Evans Lee, I'd eat a standin' up for a whole month for that ten dollar bill!"

"Well, I'se not mindin' havin' t' eat standin' up. What's a botherin' me is the why-fer ah cain't set down."

THE CANNIBALS BALL

MARIAN SIMON, '23.

TUM, tum, tum, tum, and many tum tums,
From a million of thousands of African tongues!
Wouldn't it make you turn pale with fear
If you heard it coming ever nearer and near?

Now they gather together around a great fire,
And the smoke flies higher and higher and higher.
Hark! They're chanting some terrible hymn,
Until the fire burns out or is dim.

Soon the lovely black maidens appear
And dance at the feet of the king over there.
The children play merrily in a ring,
Under the sway of a cannibal king.

Suddenly a noise breaks on the air,
We'd like to see what it is, but don't dare.
With joy the cannibals raise a hideous din,
As a wonderful feast is now brought in.

Later the feast is all cleared away,
The cannibals welcome the coming of day.
A procession now files over the land,
Led noisily on by a cannibal band!

A PICTURE AND A POEM

DOROTHY STEINKAMP, '25.

ONCE there was a little girl,
Who tried to write a rhyme,
She tried to write it more than once
And missed it every time.

She finally grew discouraged
And gave up in despair
And turned around and lo, behold!
A picture hanging there!

The picture was a cabin
In Sunny Tennessee;
It was a lovely picture
Now you just wait and see.

The sun was slowly sinking
Before the cabin door;
And a little pickaninny
Lay sleeping on the floor.

The picture is her poem,
The sun-beams slanting light
Into the dusky cabin
And filling it with light.

And so it told her what to say
And now you see she's said it
And now I hope her teacher dear
Will give her a full credit.

US GIRLS

MATHILDE KESSLER, '22.



COME right in, Marthy, an' lay off your wraps. Sure am glad to hev' the girls here today! Guess they'll all brave the cold weather for an old-times meetin'. Why you've got a new hat—real pretty. Here, right here, in the hall."

Sally Blake bustled about to make her guest comfortable.

"Come in to the fire. Yes, —it does feel good an' warm. Henry made the fire for me jus' before he went back to the shop."

Martha Sanders, her guest, came puffing in and sat down with a flourish on one of the large easy chairs, relaxing comfortably. She was indeed stout, a rather domestic looking creature with smooth capable hands. Her hair was combed straight back and she wore a pair of thick glasses.

"We—ll," she began, pulling open a large roomy bag so typical of herself and disclosing a sock, half-finished. "Well, Sal, how's how's—Patrick Henry?"

Sally Blake threaded her needle thoughtfully and then answered "Well, the dear thing's better, I think. He's not been a bit frisky lately, you know, at all. But I think he looks a little better!"

Patrick Henry was the Blakes' cat, and all the neighborhood had been duly worried about its recent illness. One exception to this general solicitude was a rather cross gentleman next door who was heard to declare that "he hated that thing over at Blake's and really felt sorry that so eminent a man had to be burdened with such a namesake." However he was considered a bit queer anyway.

Then Mis' Sanders smiled as with relief. "So glad to hear it," she said, "Henry is so devoted to him, isn't he?"

"Yes, he— oh, I hear steps. Must be the others coming," and with this she hastened to the door and found her supposition true. Two minutes later the newcomers entered the room; namely, Miss Jane Tripp and Mis' Jen Jennison, the town constable's wife, with Mis' Blake hovering in the background.

They exchanged greetings and drew up their chairs before the fire.

"Git out your work, whatever you brought," said Sally Blake. "I—I'm making a centerpiece, course it's nothing what you'd call elaborate but,"—here she held it up none the less proudly, "but I guess it'll do maybe."

The other three exclaimed and made the necessary compliments.

"My—cert'n'ly is pretty," and lovely, Mis' Blake—.

Suddenly Mis' Blake got up hastily and closed the door, saying something about a "draft." Then she resumed her seat and Mis' Jen Jennison spoke. She was a nervous, slender little body. Her eyes were small and snapping, and her hair was arranged in an elaborate pompadour, with curls shaking energetically in the back.

"Cert'n'ly is aw-ful," she said looking primly down over her nose-glasses and drawing her mouth into a wrinkly ball, "why I never heard-tell a' such doin's on!"

"Who'd you say—Mary Ann Hutchison," said Sally dropping her work for the moment and looking up inquiringly.

"Yes—Mary Ann Hutchison has bobbed her hair. Just the other day I was over to Mis' Hutchison's telling her about the Mish'nary meeting you know,"—they all nodded," an' here comes Mary Ann a flouncin' in an' that hair o' hers bobbing up and down. E—magine it. And—her mother smilin' all the time. Oh, my! When I think—such beautiful hair—to have it slashed off"—here Mrs. Constable shook ner head, "An' the neat way they used to fix their hair, oh dear—"

Then Martha Sanders broke in, in a low whisper, "An' you say it was cut-clean even with 'er ears? Goodness! Goodness."

Several shakings of the head went the rounds, then Jane Tripp the only old maid of the crowd, spoke for the first time, "Well now I guess here's about where I disagree with you, Mis' Jennison. That Hutchison girl's hair, 's'long as I could remember, was about as stringy as it could possibly be, and I think cutting it was a good thing." Here a gasp was emitted from the listening audience, but Miss Jane went bravely on, "O course, I don't say as how I believe in all the new fangled notions girls get in their heads nowadays. But when I think the way they used to put their hair—with a big blouse over their forehead—it's a wonder they could even think!"

When she finished her three friends from childhood looked at this Modern Day Agitator with a distinct air of surprise, but it was but a momentary surprise, for June had always been independent, mischievous, too, along with it—the time she fooled the prim schoolmarm, and—but that, however is another story.

Then Mis' Sanders said with a sniff, "Well if they do bob their hair it will be 'equinomecal' anyway for they won't have to buy hair pins."

Depend on Martha Sanders to look after the financial side of it.

"Nor puffs either," put in Sally with a low chuckle, "fer I see you can buy them in New York."

Then Mis' Jennison said in a loud voice, "Well, I think it's ridiculous, an' Jane, I'm surprised, absolutely! Might know though ever since we were girls—" here she broke off—then, "Why my niece said just the other day—"

And here the others involuntarily gave a sigh or two and let Mis' Jennison tell her inevitable tale about her dear niece. By this time Mis' Blake and the rest thought they knew everything there possibly was to know about that dear relative, but somehow there was something new to add to the long list at every meeting.

Just in the middle of her story there was a crash! a bang! and Sally jumped up frightened and hurried to the kitchen. She returned three minutes later with the announcement that the cat had only upset two chairs and a milk bottle.

"That cat's not sick," murmured Miss Jane hiding a smile.

There was a minute or two of silence after this shock. When they were all settled again, Martha began:

"Say, wasn't that fine salad at the supper the other night? I tho't Brother Johnson was goin' to eat all there was. Mis' 'Tee made it, didn't she? An' those cheesed-pametto sandwiches! ('ertainly, tasted good."

"Well to tell the truth, I wasn't much struck with those new-fangled sandwiches nor the salad either," said Miss Jane, hesitatingly, "I didn't care for it at all. Old fashioned eatin' 's good 'nuff fer me."

As they continued in this strain they did not notice that Mis' Blake suddenly grew red and coughed two or three times. Finally, she excused herself and left the room. Her friends, thinking it about refreshment time, did not notice anything wrong. But out in the kitchen a heart-rendering sight met Sally's eyes. There on the table were four plates heaped with salad and two delicious looking "new-fangled" pimento-cheesed sandwiches on each plate. A pot of hot chocolate stood ready to heat. What would she do? Here Martha was the only one.

An idea came. Ten minutes later instead of the sandwiches were two large freshly-fried doughnuts. She also had put some good preserves next to the doughnuts "to make up for the salad." Then she took her tray into the guests.

"Oh—oh aren't these doughnuts de-lieious," exclaimed Mis' Jennison, they're about as good as Elizabeth makes." (Elizabeth was her niece.)

"They're lovely, Sally," said Jane with appreciation, "and made just for this little party!"

The picture of a hungry Henry coming home that evening to an empty doughnut jar, rose in his wife's mind.

"Ah—yes, I guess they'll do," she answered, "have some more, Marthy dear."

Then suddenly another crash sounded in the kitchen, and this time all the ladies, remembering that they had neglected to aid Mis' Blake in the other accident hurried after their hostess. There Patrick Henry was perched on the

table politely partaking of the salad that was in a crock and climbing over the neatly-cut sandwiches. A broken plate lay on the floor.

"Patrick, Patrick! I'm ashamed—oh—get out!" And the poor cat was pushed out the back door. If any suspicion had come into their minds, the guests, to the relief of their nervous hostess, said nothing, but filed back into the sitting-room.

When they reached the room something very funny met their eyes. On the floor lay a perfectly good set of false curls. They all looked bewildered except Mis' Jennison. She looked at the curls on the floor, in astonishment, then felt the back of her head with a dazed air. Then she realized in the suddenness of her jump when she had heard the noise in the kitchen, that her curls had fallen in the strife. She grabbed them hastily and looked up with a crimson face. The silence that followed was impressive and spoke more than words. The few with the sense of humor controlled their faces pretty well in the predicament.

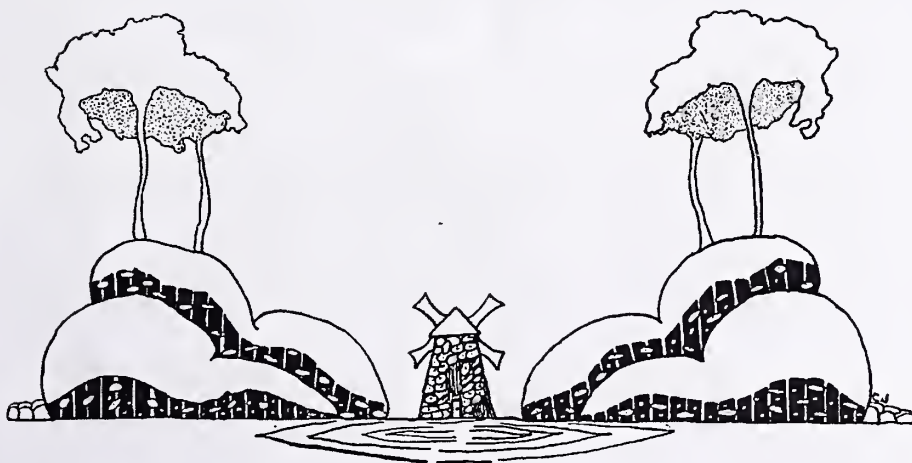
"We had such a lovely time, Sally," said Marthy, later as the guests rose to go, "and those refreshments were just fine!"

Miss Jane echoed this heartily.

"And remember you come to my house soon," murmured Mis' Jennison, who had quite recovered from the disgrace, "you know my niece always says—"

"Come Mis' Jennison, goodbye Mis' Blake. We had a love-ly time."

"Well, I'm always glad for us girls to get together this way. Goodbye. Don't hurt yourself on those steps, Marthy." And the guests hurried homeward from their eventful afternoon.



AWAKENING

JEANETTE CLARK, '25.

THE pale blue sky looks down on the dreary earth,
The dew drops sparkle on the ground
And everything awakens as from a swoond.

The morning's rainbows sparkle everywhere;
A tinge of spring is in the air
And flowers unfold their colors fresh and rare.

The sweet note of the meadow lark is heard.
The twitter of the robin near
And all awakening life says, "Spring is here!"

THE DAY

RUTH BLUMER, '25.

OVER the hilltop rises the sun,
The stars disappear, the day has begun.
The day bathes her face in the shining dew,
Then goes her way, her tasks to pursue.

The birds in the tree tops she wakes from their sleep,
The flowers and bees from their slumber so deep.
She wakens and calls to his duty each one,
As up in the sky slowly creeps the warm sun.

The children she calls to their school or their play,
The grown people rise at the summons of day.
Then all to their work or their studies or play
Go to return at the close of the day.



EDNA SIMON

CLASS OF 1923

IN MEMORIAM

MARCH 15, 1922

*There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.*



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EDITORIAL

STELLA HALLOWELL, '22.



NE, two, three, four!

Sometimes I wish there were more."

Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, Senior, just four short years, yet how much they hold! They contain not only the joys and sorrows of "high school days" but they inspire many of the ideals that are to shape the future of those who have lived within their influence.

The student never fully realizes the effect of these four years upon his life in the past nor feels how great may be their influence in the unknown future, until he stands on that summit of youthful knowledge, his senior year, and looks back over the past, and then forward into the mysterious days that are yet to come. Then it seems that all the faith, affection and stimulating ambitions, which may have lain dormant, suddenly rush forth and almost overwhelm him with joy. Not until then does it dawn upon him how much his school life has meant.

The school is made sacred in the memories of those who go out from its walls into the various walks of life; for in their hearts it will always mean the dreams and aspirations so dear to youth.

From the mountain peak of the Senior year, the students, look down upon the winding, toilsome way of their ascent, and, for the first time, perhaps, perceive with feelings of exultation, the "Sloughs of Despond" and the "Valleys of Humiliation" through which they have passed. On and on the winding way climbs ever upward, sometimes passing through the pleasant meadows of English, and crossing the refreshing streams of History, but often rambling through the stony valleys of Algebra and Geometry. But there was always the guardian spirit of Wisdom to encourage, and her colleague, Ambition, to spur on the laggards.

But how pleasant is the summit, how cool and calm is the spirit, how exciting the anticipations of that "One Night"! What gratification and pride fill the heart! What love and companionship exist for those that have gone through the struggle together. How ready and eager one feels to enter the morning of life's combats and how confident that he will emerge victorious! A dream of youth perhaps, but one that spreads a halo about the school that has made the dreams possible, and the dreamer feel that he can make them come true!



HONOR ROLL

STELLA HALLOWELL
40⁵/₈ CREDITS 33A₅

BRUNOW AHLBRAND
35³/₄ CREDITS 23A₅

THE SENIORS

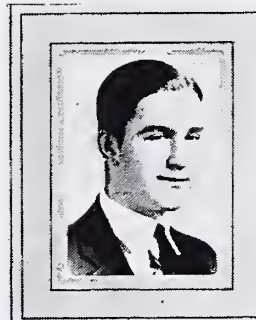
CARRY ON

TREE-OAK FLOWER-RED ROSE
COLORS RED AND WHITE

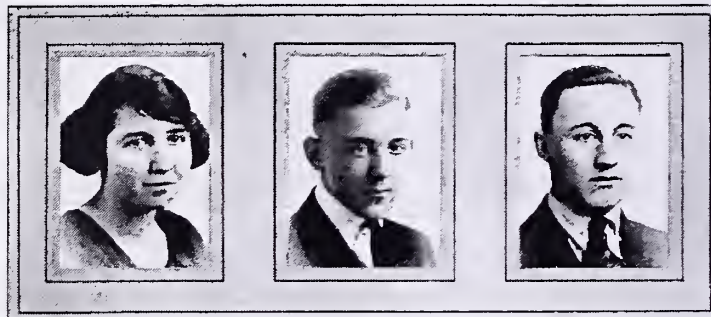
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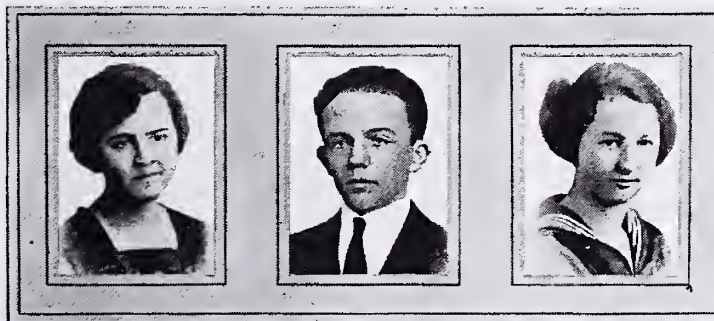
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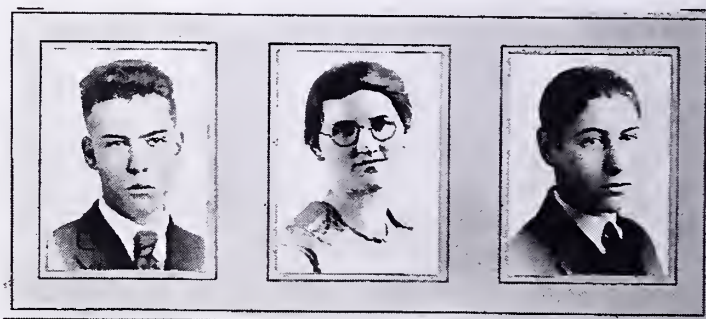
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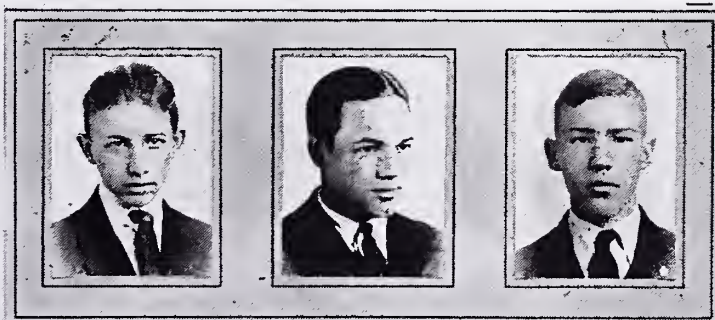
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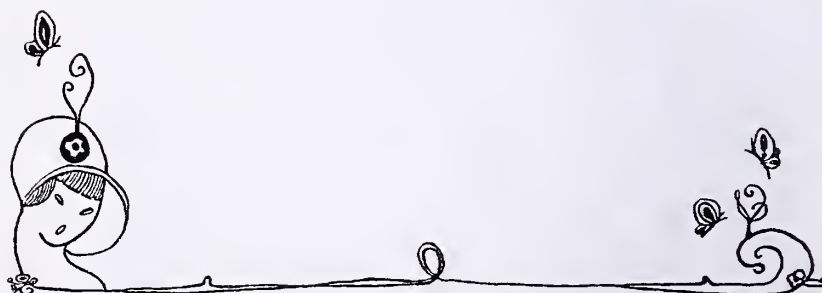
MARGARET RIEHL



CLASS SONG

GRACE DUNN, '22.

WHEN oft we sit at eventide,
When shadows 'round us creep,
And every star a friend recalls
From some deep hidden sleep,
Some wreaths of honor now my wear,
Some boast of mighty things;
They are the chums who helped to form
The best of friendship's rings.
When the shades of evening fall,
And the darkness spreads o'er all,
When we're feeling rather sad and lonely, too,
When visions old arise,
Tears of laughter dim our eyes,
As we think of all the pranks we used to do.
Memory keeps them safe we find.
Memory brings them all to mind,
As we hum this chorus through,
We're Red and White, We fight and fight,
Never daunted, never taunted;
We're the grand old class of twenty-two.



THE PASSWORD

CONSTANCE ADAMS, '22.

"I am a senior,"
He proudly said;
And with the word
He raised his head.

For who was there
On this great earth
Of high estate
And noble birth.

Could quite compare
His honor and fame
With the smug complacence
Of such a name!

None could gainsay
His haughty demands
T'was needful only
To lift a hand.

And firmly say
With calm demeanor,
"Out of my way, please,
I am a senior!"

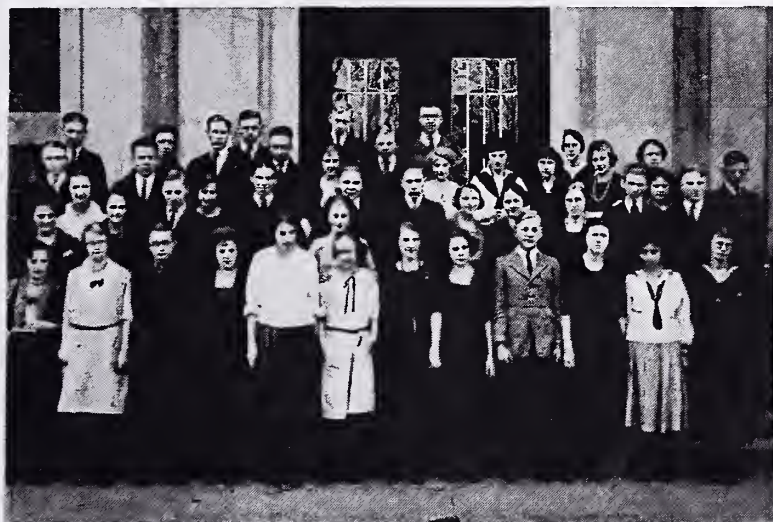


THE JUNIORS
GOD HELPS THOSE
WHO HELP THEMSELVES
TREE-PINE FLOWER-WHITE ROSE
COLORS-GREEN AND WHITE
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VICE-PRESIDENT JAMES HONAN
SECRETARY FLORENCE BLAIN
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EUNICE ALEXANDER
HUGH ANDREWS
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WILBUR BALDWIN
PEARL BANTA
NORMA BARKMAN
ARTHUR BECKER
THELMA BELL
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EDNA BIDDLE
JAMES BLACK
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CORNELIUS WALKER
MARY LOUISE WHITE
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EDITH ZIMMERMAN



THE SOPHOMORES
SPEAK LESS THAN THOU KNOWEST
HAVE MORE THAN THOU SHOWEST
SHAKESPEARE

KATHRYN ACKERET
HAROLD AHLBRAND
HARRY BALDWIN
LOIS BARTLETT
THEODORE BARTLETT
BESSIE MAE BEACH
ESTHER BIDDLE
EARL BOOTH
GRACE BRACKMYRE
JEANETTE CARSON
CONRAD CHRISTIE
BERYL DANNETTELE
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WILMA DEATS
FREEMAN DICKASON
MANUEL DOUGHERTY
MARION DOUGHERTY
LETHA DOWNEY
ROWETA DUNCAN
LOUIS ECKSTEIN
LEWIS ELSNER
RAYMOND FEASTER
MARY FETTIG
CARL FILL
CLIFFTON FISCHBACH
LAURA MARIE FOIST
JOHN HENHY FORWAY
BERNICE FOSTER
CLARENCE GREIN
FLORENCE GRIMES
MALCOLM HELT
HENRY HIRTZEL

RAYMOND HOEVENER
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OPAL KASTING
ROBERT KASTING
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EVERETT OTTE
CLARENCE POWERS
CARL ROGERS
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IRENE SPEAR
ELSIE SPURGEON
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MABEL SWEANY
SUSIE SWENGEL
LEONARD TAULMAN
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LENORE THICKSTEN
HARRY THOMPSON
DARRELL WELFER
EARL WOLTERS
EUGENE WRIGHT



THE FRESHMEN

THEY MOST ASSUME WHO KNOW THE LEAST

GAY

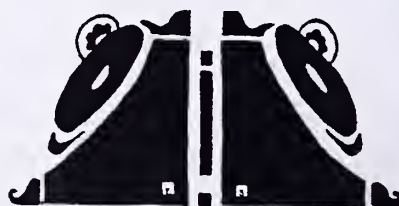
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RILEY SPRENGER
SYLVIA STANTS
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PAUL STEINKAMP
VONDA STEWART
MURIEL TRUEBLOOD
RUBY UTTERBACK
FRED WALKER





JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

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LOIS ACKERMAN
FRANK ANDERSON
THOMAS AUFFENBERG
RALPH BRUNOW
LLOYD BULGER
BERNADINE BUSKIRK
HOWARD CARTER
MAYNARD CHILDS
DOROTHY CLARK
ALICE COBB
EARL COX
PHILIP COX
WERNER COX
BLANCH DAILY
BERYL DOUGHTY
LOLA ELLIOTT
AGNES GOINS
KERVERAL GOODWIN
ALTON GORBET

ADDIE GREEN
GEORGE GREEN
RUSSELL HAMER
CATHERINE HEHMAN
ALVIN JOHNSON
ALBERT JUDD
JENNIE MAE LAHNE
JOHN LAHNE
NAOMI LARABEE
DORIS LEE
EDNA LIEBRAND
DENNIS MAHORNEY
HELEN MCCURDY
RUTH MESEKE
EARL MIZE
MABEL MIZE
ALBERT MYERS
MILDRED MYERS
DALLAS NOELL

VERA OEHLBERG
CLARICE OTTO
LENNIE PFAFFENBERGER
WILBUR PHILLIPS
FRANCIS PICKERRELL
ALBERT REATER
RUTH ANNA RITZ
PAUL RUDDICK
EARL RUSSELL
RUTH SEWELL
WILLARD STARK
OLIVER STEINBERGER
VIRGIL STEINKER
REBA SWEANY
VIRGIL SWEANY
DALLAS THOMAS
RUTH WHITE
MINNIE WILLIAMSON
ATHOS WOOLLS

8-B CLASS

JOYCE ACKERMAN
LESTER ANDERSON
JESSIE BELL
ROGER BILLINGS
WESLEY BORCHERDING
FRANCES BROOKS
GEORGE BURRELL
GERTRUDE CALLAHAN
ALMA BELLE CHARLES
BYRON CHENOWETH
DORIS CHILDS

EDWARD DOUGLASS
RUTH DUNN
LAWRENCE FAHAY
MADELINE FINDLEY
LOUISE FREELAND
LOIS GILBERT
DELBERT GOSSETT
NEAL HENNESSY
EARL HOOPER
AGNES JAYNES
MARIAN MITTON

ROBERT PFAFFENBERGER
ROY PFAFFENBERGER
CARL PHILLIPS
JOHN PRALL
GORDON RAEBURN
JOYCE STEINKAMP
LOUIS TOBORG
DELORIS VANHOY
ROY WILLIAMS
BENJAMIN YOUNT
LOIS ZIMMERMAN

7-A CLASS

THELMA ADAMS
LORA ALBRICH
HERBERT ANDERSON
LAWRENCE ARBUCKLE
JASON ASHEY
PAULINE ASHLEY
LOTTIE MAE AULT
MARY BARNUM
PHYLLISS BARNETT
MARY BARKMAN
ADELINE BOWMAN
BENNETT BOWMAN
OPAL CALLAHAN
NORENA CARPENTER
BERYL COX
MILDRED DAILY
GERTRUDE DEPUTY
INEZ DOWNEY
GLENN DUNCAN
ALLEN FUDALY
GRACE GRAHAM
ARTHUR GREEN
ORVILLE GREEN
VIOLA GRIMES
GORDON HALLOWELL

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ARTHUR HEIVIG
LAWRENCE HENDERSON
LEO HENLEY
LEON HIMLER
MADA HODAPP
DOROTHY HOLLENBECK
MARJORIE HOUSE
LAVERNE HUFER
MARY HUNTER
ELIZABETH JENKINS
MIALLO JENNISON
VIRGINIA JOHNSON
PHYLLISS KEITH
LURENE KRUWELL
WRIGHT KYTAR
JOHN LEE
MARY LEWIS
LAWRENCE MCADAMS
HOWARD MYERS
KENNETH OTTO

CHARLES PHILLIPS
THELMA PICKERRELL
CLARENCE POLLARD
FERN PREWITT
EDWARD REVEAL
LORENE RHODES
LELAND ROSS
MILDRED SCHAFER
LOUIS SCHRADER
CHARLES SEWELL
JOHN SHORTHIDGE
THELMA SIERP
HARRIETT SMITH
HELEN STABB
MACK STEINKAMP
DONALD STEINKAMP
CHARLES TASKEY
DOROTHY TASKEY
MARTEZ TASKEY
ALBERT TOBORG
JOHN WARD
WILLIAM WHEELER
JOE WHITE
OREN WILLIAMSON

7-B CLASS

LUCILE ABELL
LUCILE ADAMS
PAUL ADAMS
GLADYS ALEXANDER
MARIL ALEXANDER
CLARENCE ARBUCKLE
DORIS AUFDERHEIDE
WILLIAM RALSLEY
LUCILE BENDER
MARY BIGGS
STUART BLISH
GARRIS BOHALL
BERNA BOWMAN
PAUL BRACKMYRE
WILMA BROCKHOFF
CATHERINE BROOKS
MAURINE CARTER
ROBERT CHAMBERS
GEORGE COLLINS
MARIE CORYEA
PAUL CRABB
PAULINE CROUCHER

DOROTHY DAVIS
MARY DOUGHERTY
HARRY DOWNING
DELORIS ELSNER
ESTHER ENGLAND
ERNEST FLEETWOOD
RALPH FOSTER
BERNICE GOENS
EDITH GOENS
HOWARD HALL
MIRIAM HAMILTON
DOROTHY HAUENSCHILD
VIDA HAWK
GRACE HORNING
MILDRED HUNTERMAN
FLORA HUSTEDT
GROVER HUTCHINGS
DONALD KASTING
ROBERT KNOST
MILDRED LARABEE
HARVEY LEWIS
DELLA MAE MANNING

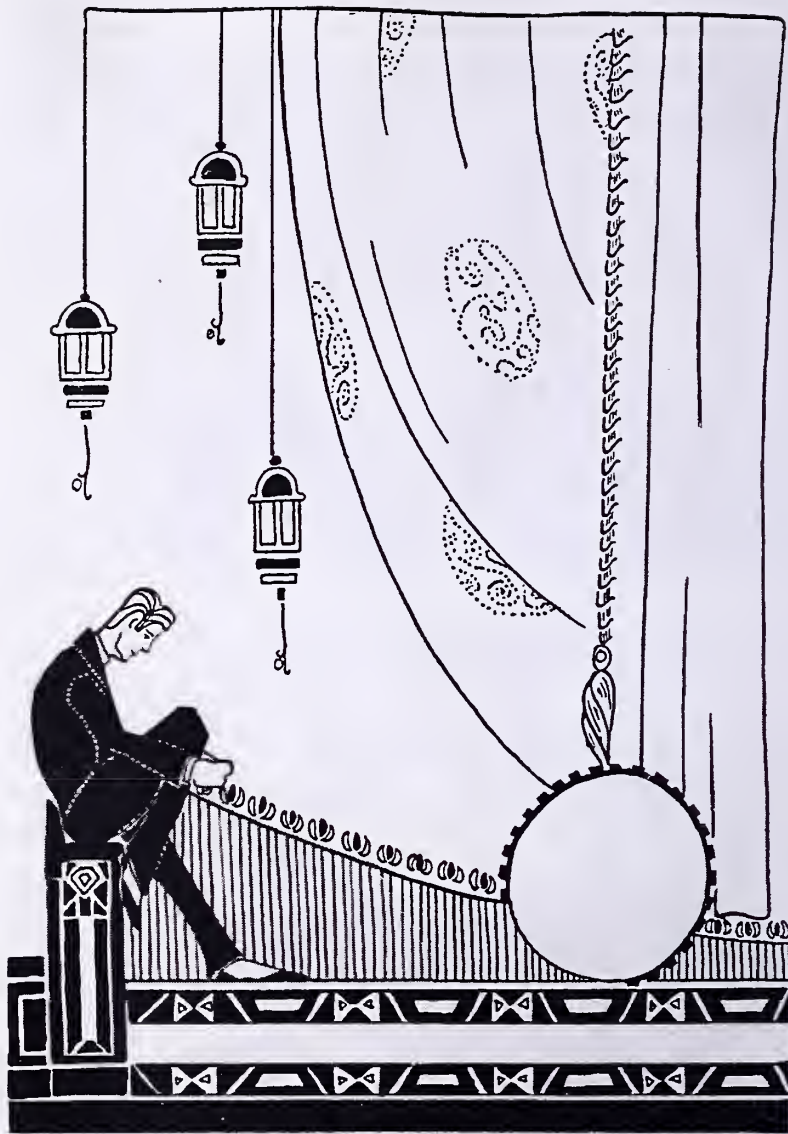
BURGOYNE MILLS
LLOYD MOREN
DOROTHY MYERS
MABLE NOLTE
CLARA MAE PATTERSON
EDNA PETERS
MARIE PFAFFENBERGER
NARCISSUS REDMAN
LUCILE REED
WILLIS REASNER
RAZEL RICH
GOLDIE ROBBINS
ORVILLE RODERT
FRIDA SCHLEIBAUM
GLEN SEWARD
CHRISTINE SMITH
OPAL SPRAY
HOWARD SPRINGER
JUANITA SWENGEL
KATHRYN WHEELER
ANITA WOLTER
MARTHA WOODWARD



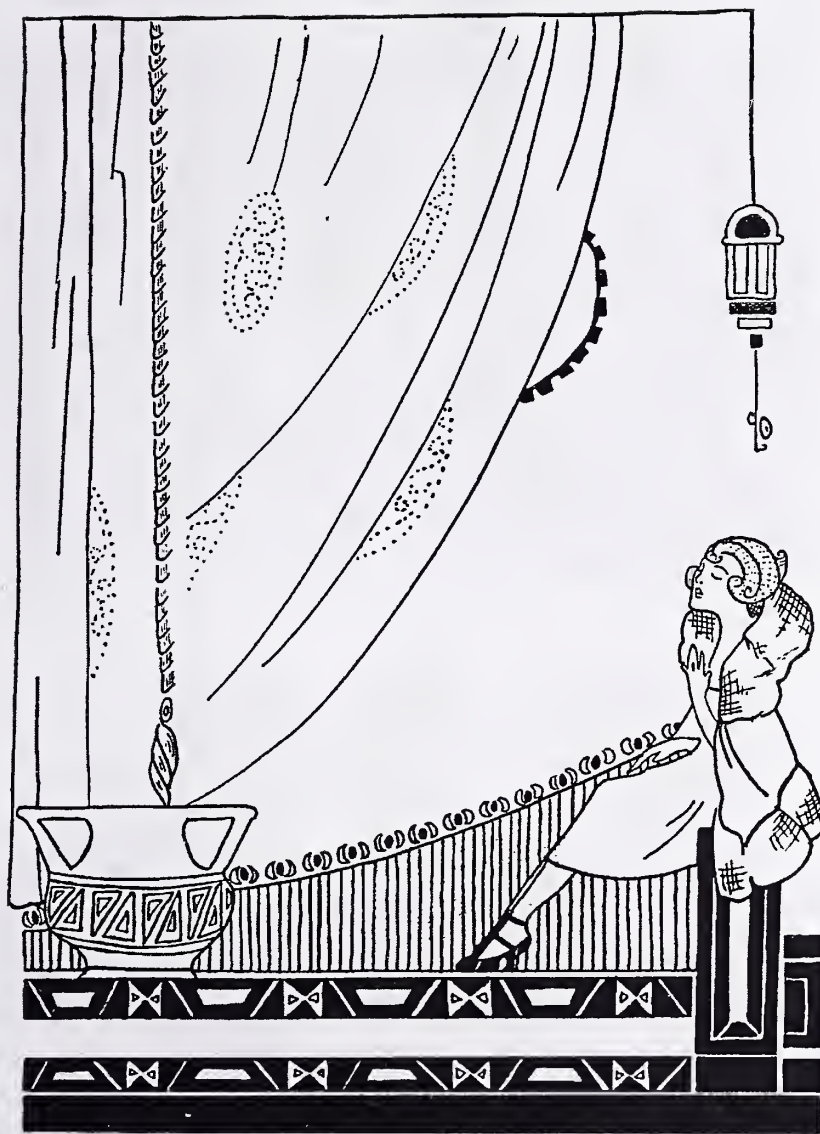








HIGH SCHOOL



ACTIVITIES



GIRLS GLEE CLUB

STELLA HALLOWELL, *Accompanist*

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB
 CONSTANCE ADAMS
 PEARL BANTA
 THELMA BELL
 EDITH BEUKMAN
 FLORENCE BLAIN
 FRANCIS BLEVINS
 HELEN BLEVINS
 RUTH BOTORFF
 GLADYS BREITFIELD
 PAULA BREITFIELD
 MARY BROWN
 GERTRUDE BURKART
 RUTH CHRISTIE
 HELEN CRABB
 BERYL DANNETTELE
 ROWETA DUNCAN

ETHEL DUNN
 MARY FETTIG
 LAURA MARIE FOIST
 FRANCES GILL
 FLORENCE GRIMES
 ESTHER HEIWIG
 GLADYS HOPPLE
 GLADYS HUDSON
 RUTH HUMES
 ELIZABETH JAMES
 MARY JOHNSON
 LOUISE JOHNSON
 OPAL KASTING
 DOROTHY KELLEY
 MATHILDE KESSLER
 KATHRYN KIRSCH
 GLADYS LEE

ELOISE LEE
 VERA LOCKMUND
 DOROTHY MAHORNEY
 GLADYS McCORD
 AVIS McPIKE
 HENRIETTA MONTGOMERY
 VENEDA MOORE
 MADGE MOREN
 MARGARET RHIEL
 FERN RHODES
 RUTH ROBERTSON
 DOROTHY SMITH
 ELMA STARK
 ERMA STARK
 LOUISE TASKEY
 DOROTHY WALTERS



BOYS GLEE CLUB

HOWARD ROSS, *Accompanist*

HUGH ANDREWS
ROBERT BARBOUR
JAMES BLACK
ALFRED BLEVINS
TOM BOLLINGER
OSCAR FENTON
FRANCIS GEILE
HARDEN HANCOCK

JAMES HONAN
RAY JULIAN
CHARLES KEACH
ROBERT MANN
HAROLD MISAMORE
DONALD MOORE
HOWARD ROSS
OSCAR WILDE



ORCHESTRA

First Violin

ETHEL DUNN
MARIAN SIMON
DOROTHY SMITH
ELMA STARK
ERMA STARK
ROY WILLIAMS

Second Violin

PEARL BANTA
JEANETTE CLARK
MARGARET DUNN
DONALD MOORE
CLARENCE OTIS

Flute

ROBERT CHENOWETH
BERNICE FOSTER

Saxophone

TOM BOLLINGER
FRANCIS GEILE
KERVERAL GOODWIN
KATHRYN KIRSCH
ROBERT SPRENGER

Cello

ROBERT BARBOUR

Trombone

ROGER BILLINGS
RAY JULIAN

Drums

GRAHAM ANDREWS

Piano

GRACE DUNN



THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

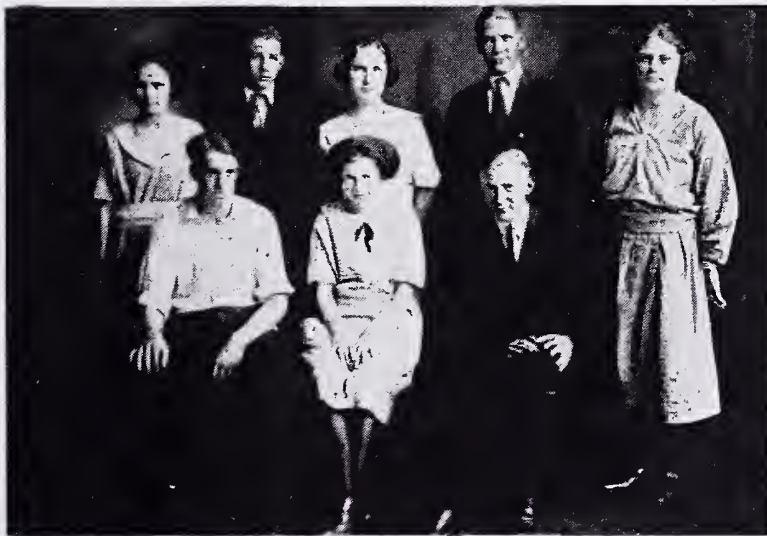
<i>"Aunt Mary" Watkins, a very wealthy spinster, Jack's</i>		
<i>aunt and Lucinda's "She"</i>		EMALYN COLLINS
John Watkins, Jr., <i>Jack</i>		LLOYD SCHAFER
Burnett	} <i>Jack's Chums</i>	{ OWEN CARTER RAY JULIAN ARTHUR KAUFMAN
Mitchell		
Clover		
Mr. Stebbins, <i>Aunt Mary's lawyer</i>		FORREST KYSAR
Joshua, <i>Aunt Mary's hired man</i>		HAMER WESNER
James, <i>the Burnett butler</i>		OSCAR FENTON
Betty Burnett, <i>Burnett's sister—afterwards Aunt</i>		
<i>Mary's maid "Cranise"</i>		STELLA HALLOWELL
The Girl from Kalamazoo		FRANCES GILL
Lucinda, <i>Aunt Mary's property body and soul</i>		MARY BROWN.
Daisy Mullins, <i>a villager</i>		KATHRYN KIRSCH
Eva, <i>the Burnett maid</i>		FLORENCE BECKER

A TWIG OF THORN

Nessa Teig, <i>the woman of the house</i>	LOUISE WERNING
Maurya, <i>her neighbor</i>	ALICE FOSTER
Oonah, <i>Nessa's grand-daughter</i>	GRACE DUNN
Aengus Arann, <i>a young peasant</i>	DONALD MILLER
Aileel, <i>a wandering poet</i>	ROBERT BARBOUR
Father Brian, <i>the priest</i>	CARL MALICK
A Faery Child.	MARGARET RIEHL
Finula,	FERN RHODES
Kathleen,	HELEN BLEVINS
Sheila,	FLORENCE BECKER
Sheamus,	ROBERT MANN
Martin,	FRANCIS GEILE
Tumaus,	CHARLES BANTA
} <i>neighbors</i>	
Other neighbors—Chester Fill, Edith Beukman, Paul Kamman, Agnes Riordan, Gladys Lee, John Hunter, Constance Adams.	

THE GARROTTERS

Mr. Roberts	JOHN DEAL
Mrs. Roberts	ELOISE LEE
Willis Campbell	BRUNOW AHLBRAND
Mrs. Graham	DOROTHY SMITH
Mr. Bemis	HERSHALL RUDDICK
Dr. Lawton	LAWRENCE HATFIELD
Young Mr. Bemis	FRANCIS FETTIG
Young Mrs. Bemis.	MARIE KYSAR
Bella, <i>the maid</i>	RUTH ROBERTSON



SPRINGTIME

ACT I

Elvira Eastman, a Social Butterfly, grand-daughter of Elvira Judd.....	ELSIE REYNOLDS
Desiree	STELLA HALLOWELL
Joyce	MARGARET RIEHL
Sue	LOUISE WERNING
Mrs. Elkins, of another generation.....	KATE JACKSON
James Brewster, the founder of the famous "Brewster Pills".....	STANLEY SWITZER
Thankful Standish, his sister	FRANCES SWITZER
Priscilla Brewster, his daughter	MRS. DON BOLLINGER
Primrose Standish, Thankful's daughter	MARY GILLESPIE
Tom Higgins of Boston	PHIL CORDES
"Wizard" Jack Wainwright, the famous inventor.....	E. B. CHENOWETH
Bobby Brewster, a lion with the ladies.....	KINGSLEY BRINKLOW
Elvira Judd, a young widow	ELSIE REYNOLDS
Abigail Tompkins, a susceptible maiden.....	MRS. EUNICE BOLLINGER

ACT II

Little Priscilla, daughter of Priscilla Brewster.....	DELORIS ELSNER
Vera Riggs	RUTH DUNN
Daisy, who stutters	LOUISE FREELAND
Master Jack	EDWIN BLISH
Mrs. Priscilla Higgins, formerly Priscilla Brewster.....	MRS. DON BOLLINGER
"Wizard" Jack Wainwright, famous inventor.....	E. B. CHENOWETH
Mrs. Jack Wainwright, formerly Primrose Standish.....	MARY GILLESPIE
Mrs. Elvira Riggs, formerly Elvira Judd.....	ELSIE REYNOLDS
Abigail Tompkins, older but still susceptible.....	MRS. EUNICE BOLLINGER
Bobby Brewster, the same Bobby	KINGSLEY BRINKLOW
Zenobia, his wife	EDNA DOANE

ACT III

Priscilla Dean, Grand-daughter of Priscilla Brewster.....	MRS. DON BOLLINGER
Dr. Jack Wainwright, grandson of "Wizard" Jack.....	E. B. CHENOWETH
Phil, engaged to Sue	JOHN HIMLER
George, engaged to Desiree	HONAN WILLMAN
Parson, Bobby's Man	LELAND BRIDGES
Society Group, Servants Group, Ladies of the Jury, Futurist Group, Mardi Gras, Show Girls, Playmates, Bridesmaids Group, Maids of Honor, Best Men, 1868 Group, Memory Dances, 1888 Group, Springtime Chorus.	



THE DISCUSSION LEAGUE



WITHIN the last ten years there has been a growing realization on the part of educators in both high schools and colleges that the ability to discuss intelligently and effectively problems of importance is worth cultivating. In even the ordinary conduct of life, much is gained through the power of presenting not only in correct but persuasive English, the many subjects that continually enlist one's attention. So in order to make the young people in the high schools more alive to important issues, to develop in them the habit of investigation, to cultivate the willingness to consider issues from many viewpoints, to stimulate to thought and to enable the students of the schools to express their opinions in an effective way, some very interesting means have been adopted, a number of which make use of that spirit of contest which is so strong in the young and which, rightly guided and stimulated by worthy motives, is a power for good and for greater effectiveness.

Desiring to do what it could to encourage greater facility in discussion, the Extension division of Indiana University organized a few years ago the "State High School Discussion League" under the auspices of which there have been held many interesting discussions on subjects of vital interest. The plan adopted provides for the study of the given subject class contests in which representatives are chosen for a final local contest, a county discussion, where a representative is elected for the district meet, and finally a state contest at Bloomington where a committee decides on the winner for the high schools of Indiana.

A growing interest has been aroused and this year an unusually large number of schools were represented in all of the contests.

The subject for the spring of 1922 was "A Comprehensive Program for Immigration" and in the Shields High School this question was attacked by many students, and after spirited discussion a contest was held in which Aliee Foster of the class of 1922 was chosen to represent us in the county and later in the district contest held in Seymour, April 14.

We are now awaiting the announcement of the subject for next year.

Another interesting oratorical contest was held at the high school on the evening of April 22, as the final feature of the day on which was held the "County Track and Field Meet." Eloise Lee brought credit to us by the delightful way in which she read.

Friendly rivalry, an unbiased recognition of the best, a sympathy with the triumph of others, a sportsmanship that will make us abide by the decision of judges even when adverse to us, inculcate a spirit that is most worth while, and so we are looking forward to other contests of a similar kind for next year.

BASKET BALL



MR. MITCHELL

The Athletic Association was reorganized early in the fall of 1921 with Lloyd Schafer President; Grace Dunn, Secretary; H. C. Henderson, Faculty Treasurer; Ray Julian, Student Treasurer; Oscar Fenton, Student Manager and J. R. Mitchell, Faculty Manager. The Board of Control that was chosen was composed of Miss Andrews, Chairman; Lloyd Schafer, H. C. Henderson, and J. R. Mitchell.

Interclass games in basketball were held early in the season and the championship was awarded the Seniors by their victories over the Sophomores and Juniors.

The call for varsity candidates made early, was answered by fifty-two boys. Prospects were bright for a successful year as only three members were lost by graduation last year. With Deal, Captain Fenton and Banta as a nucleus and with Barbour, Misamore and Miller, reserves from last year, the team got off to a good start. Sickness and ineligibility on the part of some of the regulars caused a slump in mid-season. The season closed with 17 games won and 10 lost.

Five men are lost this year, but with Hyatt, Honan, Keach, Adams, Misamore, Eckstein and McCord left from this year's squad with a lot of good material to be developed, Seymour should be represented by a strong team next year.



LLOYD SCHAFER



Seymour	35	Clearspring	15
Seymour	31	Washington	2
Seymour	40	Washington	9
Seymour	49	West Baden	15
Seymour	13	North Vernon	16
Seymour	64	Brownstown	2
Seymour	18	Clearspring	32
Seymour	35	Crothersville	20
Seymour	46	Brownstown	19
Seymour	29	Orleans	32
Seymour	44	Vallonia	24
Seymour	41	Cortland	27
Seymour	46	Alumni	21
Seymour	22	Shelbyville	23
Seymour	42	North Vernon	7
Seymour	19	Columbus	37
Seymour	23	Scottsburg	19
Seymour	35	Edinburg	39
Seymour	34	Salem	18
Seymour	18	Vallonia	11
Seymour	30	Orleans	41
Seymour	20	Scottsburg	25
Seymour	39	Edinburg	23

BASE-BALL

The season opened with a boom this year. Coach Welch's call for candidates was answered by the largest number in history and a strong club was organized. Only one member of last year's squad was lost by graduation, but a few were lost by withdrawal from school. However with Wilson, star southpaw hurler of last season, and Capt. Baldwin, the peppery backstop, the outlook seems bright. Deal and Kaufman are the only members lost by graduation this year.

The club line-up is as follows:

Kaufman	L. F.
Baldwin, Capt.	C.
McClintock	3 B.
Hyatt	2 B.
Misamore	S. S.
Deal	1 B.
Adams	R. F.
Nicholson	C. F.
Wilson	P.
Eckstein	P.

Utilities: Russell, Johnson, Cochran, Becker, Keach, Malick and Welfer.

SCHEDULE

		S — 0
April 21—Medora	there	19 — 7
April 22—Brownstown	here	7 — 2
April 28—Columbus	there	
May 5—Franklin	here	
May 6—Mitchell	there	
May 12—Columbus	here	
May 19—Mitchell	here	



OSCAR FENTON

Captain Jim was our fighting floor guard through whose efforts our team was kept fighting. He was the main factor in our offensive and defensive. He scored 230.



CHARLES BANTA

This is Shy's last year. His willingness to work hard for the team and his good floor work made him a big factor in the team's progress.



DONALD MILLER

Miller was small but speedy, yet he would not allow his opponent to get rough with him. He made 118 points.



JAMES HONAN

Cut was sub floor guard but when ever he played he fought hard. He will be back again next year.



HAROLD MISAMORE

Missy—although his name does not suggest it, had a mean eye for the basket. He will be back next year. Total points scored 118.



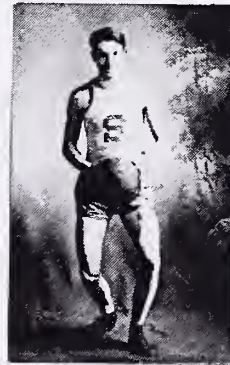
CHARLES KEACH

Keachie was sub-center and on the varsity for the first time. His experience will make him a valuable asset for the team next year.



ROBERT BARBOUR

Bob was our stone wall. Any man that got by him without falling over his stray foot was a real player.



JOHN DEAL

Johnnie was handicapped on account of sickness but in the games he scored heavily, making in all, 120 points.



TENNIS

Tennis was introduced into the program of Athletics this year for the first time. Much interest was manifested by the student body. While no inter-school meets were held, we hope to meet other schools next year. The inter-class contests proved interesting. Donald Miller and Robert McCord won the championship in doubles. The Sixth Street court was used. It is expected that tennis will be one of the popular forms of Athletics next fall.

TRACK

Track and Field work was introduced for the first time in several years. Inexperience and lack of practice and interest held back the team. The team was weak in field events, but sprinters and runners were plentiful. Next year with Ahlbrand, Buhner, Wilson and a wealth of other material, Seymour will resume her place in this branch of sport.

TEAM. 100 yards	Ruddick, Schafer, Deal, Ahlbrand.
220 yards	Deal, Misamore, Ahlbrand.
440 yards	Buhner, Andrews.
880 yards	Wilson, Buhner, H. Ahlbrand.
Broad Jump	Swain, Carter, Buhner.
Running Broad Jump....	Swain, Misamore.
High Jump	Misamore, Deal, McCord.
Shot Put	Adams.
Relay	Deal, Ruddick, Schafer, H. Ahlbrand, Buhner.
Pole Vault	Carter.

WHY I AM STUDYING ART

VEVA M. PAUL

THERE is much being said these days concerning the importance of vocational courses in the high school, the value of creating early in each student the desire for contact with the profession he wishes to follow.

Drawing, correctly taught, in the public schools, offers the highest opportunity for self-expression and is one of the greatest factors in the building up of the commercial and industrial success of our country.

How different is our conception of the drawing course today, compared with that of a few years ago! The student has gradually changed his idea of the art course from the hopeless task of painting so-called "pictures" to the instruction that influences his choice of dress, the kind of home he will build, its interior decoration, its gardening, the best and surest advertising plan for his business. Drawing, directed in such lines as these, creates a stimulating interest among the students and answers their many queries as to the reason for this subject being offered and the value of the same.

Those studying art might be classified in four groups. First; those who are truly interested and expect to adopt some sort of art work for their career; these are the most serious and valuable students. Second; those who have enjoyed it in the grades and wish to continue it further in high school in order to apply the knowledge gained in every day life and to develop a high appreciation of the beautiful. Some of these develop ability and decide to choose it for their career. Third; those who think it an easy way to obtain credits because they think no brain is required for the work, and Fourth; the dabblers in china painting, magazine covers and the like. This division is most difficult to handle because they feel that they are already expert in their line and refuse to believe that it is necessary to know the fundamental principles of art before there can be success in specialization. The true mission of an art course is to instruct, not to amuse. Unless the department is considered as important as any other in a school, it should be dropped from the curriculum entirely.

This year unusual interest has been shown in poster making, this particular phase being offered several times in the form of contests. Prizes were awarded by the Seymour Library for the best posters advertising State Library Week. The South Bend Library has awarded prizes and received the entire collection of posters for two successive years. Many local plays, minstrels, sales and exhibits received help in advertising and decorating from our drawing department.

A pleasant spirit of helpfulness and co-operation exists among the students of the drawing department, a deeper interest than ever before is being manifested in the art course and it is with pleasure and eagerness that future classes look forward to a better located and completely equipped department.



Some Achievements in the Department of Vocational Agriculture

Everett Otte, winner of the trip to the International Livestock Exposition at Chicago as the guest of the Packers, for the best work in Corn and Livestock Club Work.

William Schluesemeier, winner of the Jackson County Boys' Corn Club contest, and awarded a trip to the Purdue Club Round-up by the First National Bank of Seymour

Wilbur Kasting, winner of the Boys' Livestock Judging Contest held by the Jackson County Fair Association, and awarded a trip to the Purdue Club Round-up.

H. C. Henderson, our successful teacher of agriculture and companion of many instructive and delightful trips.



BOYS WILL PLAY-



POULTRY CLUB



THE CLASS ORCHARD



SHELBY COUNTY'S BEST
SEED FOR OUR CORN CLUB



ROPE SPLICING-

"LEARNING TO DO
BY DOING."



OFFICERS OF THE CORN
POULTRY AND POTATO CLUBS.



TREATING SEED POTATOES
SPUD ARMERS



THE HERO (Nit)

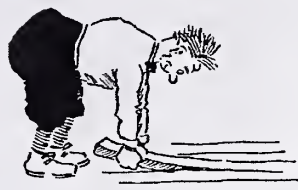
Aeneas came from Ancient Troy,
A warrior bold was he,
An altho' I never saw him,
There's a feud twixt him and me.

"Oh Aeneas! How you wrong us,
Why did you roam the sea?
Can't you see it means an ocean more,
Of homework left for me?"

'27—Mr. Ackerman, can you punish anyone for something he has not done?

L. A.—No, why?

'27—Well, I haven't done my arithmetic.



Emalyn C.—"Margaret, did you ever take ether?"
Margaret R.—"Naw, I took General Science."

Francis G. (making map)—Should we make these parallel lines straight?

Mr. Due (at close of period)—Will you please pick up the floor."

L. A.—"Benj. Yount, what is an egg?"

B. Y.—"An egg is a chicken not yet."

K. K.—Do you know what they call little black cats in Ireland?

M. K.—No.

K. K.—Kittens, foolish!

EXTRACT FROM FRESHIES' COMPOSITION IN FRENCH—OPERETTA.

Topperetta wasait tray bone, Te sceneree was tray arteesteec at les costumes wereat worsaire. Je forgettait mon part et instead ad de skippant, je stumpa mon toe. Ah me! Et that thingay est hurting moi yetaire! Je wasait se seareday grand jc feenee mon danse que mon loyday couge bad tous disappere!"

'22—Did you get that problem?

'22+—Yep.

'22—What d'you get?

'22+—The answer.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION

1. The cause of Miss Geile's frequent visits to Bloomington?
2. The date of Miss Howe's wedding?
3. When will Miss Paul's hair grow out?
4. Why Miss Small blushes every time she looks at Mr. Phillips?
5. When will Miss Davison cease flirting with the little boys?
6. Where did Mr. Mitchell learn to pull hair?
7. What is Miss Myer's secret of keeping so young?
8. What does Miss McHenry do to reduce?
9. Why do all the girls fall for Mr. Due?
10. When will Miss Barbour reveal her secret of keeping order?
11. When will Miss Cobb become a great orator?
12. What makes Mr. Phillips partial to girls?

Please answer 10 out of 12.

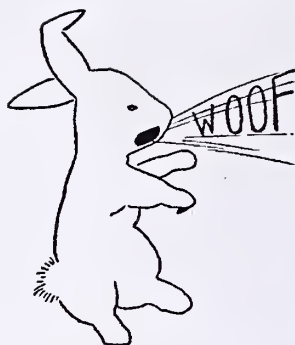
LAMENT IN GEE MAJOR

Don't tell me school is all a snap,
To think it makes me blue,
For thirty credits have I got,
Instead of thirty-two.

Don't tell me life is Rosy Pink,
Or any other joyous hue;
For next year will I graduate,
Instead of in Twenty-two.

Mr. Due—Charles, where was the Peace Treaty signed?

Shy—At the bottom, of course.



'24—"Oh, yes, I'm a big gun around here."
'25—"I see, so that's the reason they're thinking of cannon' you."

Hershall—Are you deaf to my pleadings?

Marie—I am.

H.—But what if I were to offer you a diamond ring?

M.—I'm not stone deaf.

Honan—"Say, Guff, did you ever hear of a rabbit bark?"

McCord—"Rabbits don't bark, you sap."

Honan—"That's funny, this book says that rabbits eat cabbage and bark."

Miss Geile—"James, describe Queen Elizabeth."

James B.—"Queen Elizabeth was tall and thin, but a stout Protestant."

'24—I don't see why you call Bill stupid, he says something clever quite often.

'22—Exactly, he don't seem to realize it should be said only once.

Miss Small—Maurice, has the furnace gone out?

Jake—I didn't see it pass through here.

WANTED

A Spelling Book
Beauty
A hair net
A husband (apply commencement night)
To grow slim
One more credit
Some sense
Almost anything
To walk off educated Commencement Night
A hair dresser
Pocket Edition four English Book
A grammarian
A nice young man
A date with C. K.
To be a modern Tetrassini
Lloyd Schafer
A few more freckles
Someone to laugh with me, not at me
Not to make so much noise
A date with the peppiest girl in the H. S.
To be a second Vernon Castle

Charles R.
Shy
Margaret R.
Helen B.
Francis G.
Jim
Emalyn C.
Eloise L.
Arthur
Kathryn K.
Donald M.
Grace D.
Alice F.
Tud K.
Louis W.
Mary B.
Harner W.
Pete
Florence B.
Brunow A.
Bob Mann.

Mr. Phillips (in Physics)—We will first discuss platinum and then turn to iron.

'24—I'm doing everything I can to get ahead.

'22—Goodness knows you need one.

HISTORY TEST ADVOCATED BY MARGARET RIEHL

1. When was war of 1812 fought?
 2. From what province in France was Joan of Arc?
 3. Who was the author of McCauley's "History of England?"
 4. What two nations fought in the Spanish-American War?
 5. In what season of the year did Washington spend his winter at Valley Forge?
- Answer any four.



'25—"How many subjects is Coonie carrying?"
'24—"He's carrying one and dragging two."

Pit—"Our Algebra teacher don't speak good English?"

Charlie L.—"How's that?"

Pit—"Why, he says 'Pie are square' when it should be 'pie is round.'"

'22—Nothing shallow about that man.

'23—No. Even his voice is deep.

'23—Who sits behind you the third period in the assembly?

'23—Don't know, Mr. Phillips is there.

Miss Davison—Louis, how often do Senators retire?

L. Adams—Once a day.

MY FIRST HUNT

The first bird I shot was a squirrel. The first time I shot him I missed him. The second time I hit him in the same place. Then I got sore and threw a rock at him and killed him. Then he fell in the river and drowned. That was the first bird I ever shot.

Paul K. (in Senior English)—I don't get any sense out of these "love days."

A green little Freshie,
In a green little way,
Sassed Mr. Phillips
In class one day,
Now the green little grass
Tenderly wave,
Over the Green little Freshie's
Green little grave.

'23—What'd you get on your Science test?

'22—Son, if you read test papers like you do thermometers, mine would look like a weather report in January.

Waiter—What part of the chicken do you wish?

'22—Some of the meat please.

Miss Small—We will now name some of the lower animals beginning with Louis Eckstein.

Mr. Due (in civics)—What is a criminal suit?

E. S.—I believe they're always striped.

Bob Mann (at class party)—"Pete, you've got your coat in my cocoa.

Pete J.—"Oh, that's all right, I wore my old coat."

Her face was happy
His'n was stern
Her hand was in his'n
His was in her'n.

Miss B.—"Tomorrow we'll take the "Floating scene from Ivory, "The Washing act from Lux," and "The scrubbing Intermezzo from Old Dutch Cleanser."



EVEN AS YOU AND I

<p>A Freshie there was and he went to school, (Even as you and I) He started wrong and he found a lass. Every afternoon they cut a class. Then finals came and they didn't pass. (Even as you and I)</p> <p>A Sophie there was and he smoked cigarettes. (Even as you and I) He tried to study, but to be frank, He soon found that his mind was a blank, And lower and lower, his grades all sank. (Even as you and I)</p>	<p>A Junior there was who played basketball. (Even as you and I) As a back guard he was much intent, But never much on his studies bent And so to the tourney he was not sent. (Even as you and I)</p> <p>A Senior there was and he studied hard, (Even as you and I) He studied early, he studied long, He knew to skip for a show was wrong, Soon he'll sing his commencement song, (Even as you and I)</p>
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LLOYD SCHAFER, '22.

Miss McHenry—We will now have oral reading.
 H. D. H.—What kind is there but oral?
 Miss McHenry—Didn't you ever hear of silent reading?
 H. D. H.—No, I don't believe I've ever heard silent reading.

Phillips (In Trig)—Did everyone get that problem?
 Owen—Yes, sir.

AY, THERE'S THE RUB!

It isn't the can that annoys the dog,
 It's the fact that its tied to its tail.
 It isn't your subjects that make life hard,
 Its the number of them that you fail.

Mr. Mitchell (in manual training test)—“Can any of
 you boys name some laying out tools?”
 Geo. Burrell—“Yeh, a billy-club.”

In days of old,
 Knights were bold
 And many adventures sought,
 In days of now
 We wonder how,
 To skip and not get caught.



Miss Paul—“Gorden, rulers have two uses. Shall I give
 an example of the other one?”

Miss Geile—Grace, if you'll take that gum out of your mouth, I'll enjoy it.

Honan—What will you give me for this tie?
 McCord—Anything to keep you from wearing it.

THE BUTTERFLY

<p>I am a social butterfly Bob Mann is my name I rustle all the girls about, I'm wise to every game.</p> <p>My voice is simply wonderful, I sing most everything, And oft in select circles You can hear my praises ring.</p>	<p>My face I give the best of care, Massage it every morn, My hair I perfume every hour With fragrant Eau de Jorne.</p> <p>The world approves my graceful style On street or dancing floor. You must know I'm a wonder 'Cause I couldn't be any more.</p>
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YOU INFINITESIMAL
INSECT !!



THE HIGH-BROW
WHO ALWAYS
USES BIG WORDS

I'D DO IT
THIS WAY, ETC.



THE SELF-APPOINTED
"FRIENDLY ADVISOR"

HAW! HAW!!
GOOD JOKE
EH WOT??



THE WOULD-BE
WIT WHO LAUGHS
LONG AND LOUD
AT HIS OWN
JOKES

AMONG THOSE PRESENT



THE GUY WHO
ALWAYS "FAVORS"
US WITH A SOLO



THE BASHFUL
GUY WHO NEVER
SPEAKS UNLESS
SPOKEN TO

I TOLD YOU
SO!!



THE
GINK WHO SPRAINS
HIS WRIST TRYING
TO PAT HIMSELF
ON THE BACK



THE SAD-FACED
GUY WHO NEVER
LAUGHS

HMI! LOOKS
LIKE RAIN



THE "WEATHER
PROPHET"

F.K



Mr. Dne (irate)—As a student your intelligence hardly surpasses a child's, get out!

Gladys L. (also irate)—I'll get out all right, but you needn't be so smart, I've been canned out of lots better classes than this!

Ruth—Why did kings tap knights on the head when they were knighted?

Emalyne—Perhaps the stars made the knights more realistic.

Bob B.—I've heard all sorts of vacation stories but never one yet about a tent turning to stone.

Kaufman—Well, it's the truth, the wind made it rock.

Leslie—Do your new shoes hurt?

Lawrence—No, but my feet do.

Inquisitive Passer-by—Are you a student?

Owen Carter—Naw, I'm a senior.

A FEARFUL TRUTH

He is to sing at the Majestic. Do you think his voice will fill that big theatre?
No; empty it.

Lloyd S.—Eloise, I'm crazy to have a date with you.

Eloise—Well, if you think so, you needn't.

There was a girl named Stella,
A boy named Jim was her fella,
T'was love at first sight,
So by day and by night,
Jim was always with Stella.

MOTTO OF JAKE HAPER

It's better to be silent and be thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt.

If practice makes perfect, some day Sam Nicholson will revolutionize the mathematical world; he finds algebra easy after taking the second half of the first year six straight semesters.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
So is a student
When report card's due.

Basketball Coach—Here you, don't do that—use your head.

Toots—Oh, is that allowed?

J. D.—Give me two bits' worth of rat poison.

Clerk—Shall I wrap it up or do you want to eat it here?

Miss Andrews—What three words are used most by the Seniors?

K. K.—I don't know.

Miss A.—Correct.

She—Mother told me I mustn't kiss you any more.

He—No more, but just as much.

MIXED VOICES

You may skip recitation
On some teachers alright,
But if you neglect Mr. Phillips,
You'll regret it 'fore night.

My idea of good luck
I can easily tell,
Get called on in class,
Then saved by the bell.

I'm up every night,
Out under the moon
So I make up my sleep
In the assembly room.

It may not be luck,
But its odd—I confess.
To flunk in recitation,
Then make "A" on the test.

'24—If she gets smart with me I'll give her a piece of my mind.

'25—You'd be foolish to divide up a little thing like that.

McHenry—What is the subject of this sentence, "The lazy boy never has his lesson?"
Hedges—Me.

Swain—It's too bad Ptolemy didn't rule in Greece.

Becker—Why?

Swain—Because, that's what I put on my paper.

Bob B.—Coffee, how do you spell Constantinople?

Coffee—I can't.

B. B.—Can't you spell it?

Coffee—Yes, I—T.

Miss Davison (during current events)—After this, Wilma, learn to pronounce all Geographical names before you come to class.

Wilma D.—But Miss Davison, these are names of places.

A HIGH SCHOOL BOY'S ADVENTURE

A high school boy came in one day
Without a bite of lunch,
He thought he'd surely starve until
He had a happy hunch.

Then when he thought he'd like a drink,
He made a sudden stop,
And smacked his pencil on the desk
And drank some of the pop.

For when the teacher called the roll,
He snatched a piece to eat,
And made a sandwich out of it,
With a piece of our track meet.

The noise he made broke up the meal,
For the teacher now alert
Came down and yanked him from his seat,
And gave him his dessert.

NEAL HENNESSY, 8-A.

Teacher—What! Did you come to class without your pencil? What would you think of a soldier without a gun?

Charles K.—I'd think he was an officer.

Mule in the back yard, lazy and slick,
Boy with a pin on the end of a stick,
Creeps up behind him quiet as a mouse,
Crepe on the door of the little boy's house.

E. C.—May I change my seat?

Mr. Due—You can move, but you better leave the seat there.

Mr. Mitchell is a basketball fan,
Mr. Due is a baseball fan,
We deduce, therefrom, that Mr. Phillips is an electric fan.



A FRESHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS FIRST BASKETBALL GAME

Well, pretty soon a bunch of fellers came runnin' out in swimmin' suits. They went down at one end of the room where there was a hoop hangin' from the wall and began to go round and round each in turn tryin' to throw a big rubber ball in the hoop. Once in a while one of the boys was lucky and would axidently get the ball in the hoop, then all the



THE IDEA IS TO KNOCK
SOMEBODY DOWN

If you throw the ball into the hoop before the whistler catches you, you get 2 points but this don't do much good for if he sees one side's gettin' too far ahead, he whistles and gives the ball to the under side who get a free chance to throw it through the hoop.

Once in a while a gladiator gets knocked out for the count, this don't stop the game long, the whistle just gets another guy to take his place, announces the date of the funeral and goes on playin'.

The side having the biggest fellers always wins because they can stay in the battle longer without losin' so many teeth and also they've got the reach on the little guys.

No side can win a game by the eliminate process because no difference how many guys gets mortally wounded, there is always more to jump in and take their places.

Generally after a game, all the fellers are so weak that they have to be carried off the field on a piece of bristle board.

There's a difference between a close game and a good game. Scores of good games are like 90-2 or 88-21 providin' the home team has the heavy end of this score.

Close games are games where each man knocks an equal number of opponents out, and the score is like the score of an extra inning baseball game called on account of darkness.

After close games the two teams generally have to order new swimmin' suits and solicit new members to take the places of the ones who have lost an eye or leg in the last battle.

people lookin' on would yell his name a lot and some stuff after it you couldn't understand, and the guy what did the deed would prance around with his chest out, looking as though he owned the Masonic Temple.

While all this was going on, another crew of fellers had been doin' the same thing at the other end of the room.

After these guys had run until they were worn out, some fella came runnin' out from the grandstand blowin' a mail-carrier's whistle, he was dressed in a band-man's panse, and was in his shirt sleeves.

There's only supposed to be five fellas on each team but this guy with the whistle counted them to be sure, then he blew his whistle and the fight begun.

The object of the game, is to throw somebody down, take the ball away from him and throw it through the hoop.

Sometimes the whistler don't like the way you do it so he takes the ball away from you and gives the other fellers a chance to get it by throwing it up and lettin' you scramble for it all over again.



AFTER A CLOSE GAME THEY
HAVE TO BUY NEW SWIMMIN'
SUITS

(From a junior essay on Milton) "Milton was a great poet, who wrote "Paradise Lost," Then his wife died and he wrote "Paradise Regained."

Gladys L.—Why, don't you think I'd make a pretty good personal.
F. L. K. (focusing his eyes)—Now you resemble a cartoon more closely.

Miss Barbour—I'm so glad to see all the boys sitting on their side today.



SIMPS



A FRIEND
INDEED



OR IN



JUST GIRLS



IN OR OUT?



OUT IN DE CORN FIELD



"GEE WHIZ"

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

(With all respect for Latin spelling).

1. Freshmenihus—Belonging to the family of soonwill (?), very peculiar animal, tall and rather gauky. Have two legs and knee trousers. Takes at least four years to tame them; found often in schools.

2. Sophomorums—Member of the knowitalls family, have a large head, food consists of peanuts and pink lemonade, generally found in schools or running in classes.

3. Junioridiphtis—Come from family of alceklites; sometimes have a president and often go to parties, usually green and white in color; sometimes play at the basketball and are deadly enemies of family of seniorians.

4. Seniorians—Belong to lookmcverkid group, very large and highly intellectual. Always red and white in color, and masters of the art of skipping, and playing basketball, very hard to catch napping, seldom found in schools.

5. Alumni—Members of Culeiltes family. Male species sometimes sprout cootie catchers, flappers have bobbed hair.

Helen—I don't see as much of you as I used to.
Francis G.—No, I'm losing weight.

Donald—Can you lend me \$5.00 for a month, Jim.
Jim—Sure, if you'll tell me what a month wants with five dollars.

Miss Andrews—George, what was Osric doing all this time?
Geo. Wilson—He kept putting his hat off and taking it on again.

Miss Small (in Botany)—Marian, why is there more rainfall in U. S. than in Germany?
Marian D.—U. S. is a bigger country.

'23—Howdja spell "sence."
'22—Dollars and cents, or horse sense?
'23—Well, like in "I ain't seen him sence."

Miss Andrews—Oscar, have you read "To a Field-mouse"?
Oscar—Why no. How do you get them to listen?

Mr. Due (leading singing)—Let's sing page 5. The first and third verses and stand on the last verse.

Donald—And your lips are just like rose petals.
Grace—Really, Donald, I must say goodbye now.
Donald—Well, let's say it with flowers.

Soph—you want to keep your eyes open around here.
Fresh—What for?
Soph—Because people will think you're a fool if you go around with them shut.

Leslie Russell—Do you have to tell when Bunyan died?
Faculty—Yes, Leslie.
Leslie Russell—I thought you said only to write his life history.

Mr. Welsh—Howard, I want you to recite a long sentence for once, try now.
Howard S.—Life imprisonment.

'23 (Pointing to statuary in Assembly Room)—Is that Riley?
'22—No, that's only his bust.

Miss Barbour (reading aloud)—Oratory was born in Rome.
Opal B.—O, was he a man?

Mr. Phillips (after charging an electroscope)—Albert, what state is the electroscope now in?
Albert—Indiana.

A Dip Into the Future

"Well, look who's here! Owen Carter!"

"Bob Barbour—pon my word, of all people! Who'd a' thot we'd a' met here! Sit down, man! Haven't seen you since—say do you realize, Barbour, since the year we graduated! You haven't changed a bit."

"Nor you either, except for those red whiskers! What are you doing these days, Carter? I guess I can sit down a while—have a concert on at eight at the town hall. Celloist, you know, in 'Metropolitan Stringed Quartette.' Account for yourself, Carter."

"We—I, I'm Justice of the Peace, Sheriff here in Clearspring, a real good doctor and oh yes, married! You know Frances?"

"Not Frances Gill?"

"Yes, but you mean Frances Carter. We're happy as larks! Say Barbour, whatever has become of some of the old class of '22? We might as well have a little class meeting right here and now."

"Well, I'll tell all I know, and you might put in once in a while!"

"All right, spiel! Who'll we begin with?"

"Might as well take up Brunow Ahlbrand, because I bumped into him the other day in Detroit. Private assistant to Henry Ford. I always knew Brunow had a head on him."

"Henry Ford! Well that's fine!"

"Oh, I see 'em scattered here and there from time to time. You remember Francis Fetting? Traveling man for Campbell's Soups, and he sure gets the money. There's Francis Geile—saw his name in a New York paper the other day. He's joined the Brown Brothers' Sextette and is blowing his way to fame. Our own little quartette travels around a good deal, and that's why I happen to meet all of them."

"It sure sounds good, Bob, to hear what some of the Red and White's are doing. I happened to go to Seymour the other day and found Shy Banta and Robert Mann running a department store together. They bought out Gladstein's."

"Well say, Carter, didn't you know that Lawrence Hatfield lives just up here at Columbus? He opened a law office recently. He's in with John Hunter. The shingle reads 'Hunter and Hatfield.' If you've been reading some of the city newspapers you've probably noticed Alice Foster's name a lot. She rivals Susan B. Anthony and is a deep, dyed-in-the-wool speaker for women's rights. I guess she's responsible for Stella Hallowell's and Marie Kysar's being in the cabinet. It wouldn't be at all surprising to see one of them the first woman president some of these days. Then maybe all of us '22'ers would get government positions."

"Why Barbour, you're full of news! Go on, tell me some more."

"Well, let's see! Speaking of notoriety, I heard Louise Werning sing in a big concert in Chicago last month. Fern Rhodes is her accompanist. They told me they had joined a party of musicians that Grace Dunn is going to conduct on a round-the-world tour. And say Carter, Chester Fill is the head of a boys boarding school in the East. Doesn't that beat you." They tell me he has written a treatise on "Boys and Their Discipline."

"Gee, I can't get over that! Well here's one that may surprise you. My wife came back from a visit in Indianapolis the other day, and she said she heard Dorothy Smith give a lecture to the Chamber of Commerce. She's a prominent club-women and is making speeches all over the state."

"Dot Smith! Well, I'll be hanged! What's her name now?"

"Don't know! I've forgotten. I remember it was hard to pronounce and sort-a' aristocratic-sounding. I suppose you've lost track of 'Coffee' but I've but I've kept pretty close tab on him. You know he went to Yale—well, he's teaching there now. He's the greatest living 'Master of Dead Languages' and has written volumes on 'How to Read and Enjoy Virgil.'"



FIRST WOMAN PRESIDENT

"Really, Carter? Well what about 'Hamburg' Wesner and Kysar?"
 "They're both in vaudeville. You remember they got their start in this line in the '22 history class! They acting now in the St. Louis Winter Gardens."



BERMUDA ONION CULTIVATOR

"Well if that's so, maybe I'll run on to them sometime. Did you know that Jim Fenton—(prepare for the shock), has gone to Bermuda to take up onion growing? He left not long ago! Yes, you and I both thought of Pete Julian at the same time. He's married isn't he?"

"Yep, you remember Mary Brown!"

"Really? Where are they now?"

"Why they're running a farm-journal called Prairie Farmer or somethin' or other in the northern part of Illinois, I believe."

"Don't say so! Anybody else before the public?"

"Sure! Agnes Riordan is in the movies and is an inhabitant of Hollywood, and Emalyn Collins has been rivaling Sarah Bernhardt. You remember her as Aunt Mary? John Deal and Constance Adams have good roles in this year's Follies! So we are sure well represented over the footlights!"

"Any more dope?"

"Yes, let me think! Kathryn Kirsch and Mathilde Kessler are trying to preserve peace on New York Streets, for have you heard! They are police-women!"

"Police women! Gee, Bob, how do you get all this news! They tell me Carl Malick is teaching science in some high school."

"Speaking of police-women reminds me to inform you that Florence Becker is the present mayoress of Peoria, Illinois."

"Well it doesn't seem possible we're all so famous! Take me, for instance."

"Now, old boy, don't try to work on my sympathies. By the way, where's Eloise?"

"Why, Eloise and Margaret Riehl have a beauty parlor in Cortland. Their main advertisement is 'look what it did for me.' Edith Beukman has an e'lite hat shop in Cincinnati that is quite select, my wife tells me."

"Where's Paula?"

"Teaching dancing in Hawaii."

"And Gladys Lee? Isn't she teaching?"

"Yes—at Peter's Switch—English history. They say she's perfectly devoted to her subject. Gladys Breitfield did study dramatic art but now she's practicing domestic art. She's married and lives at Hayden."

"Ruth Robertson is near here too, at Hangman's Crossing. She raises Angora cats for market."

"Cats! Cats, history, vaudeville! Some versatility! Have I told you I met Helen Blevins Carter in a town in Illinois, where we were giving a concert? She lives on a big farm and is an authority on truck-gardening for miles around. We had a talk and she told me some news about Donald Miller and Lloyd Schafer, 'Dado,' you remember."

"Quick, tell it!"

"Donald is fast becoming a celebrated evangelist. Yes, evangelist, I said! Lloyd is his song leader. They stopped in Helen's town some time ago for revival services. She said she heard Marshall Ruddick give a political speech from the rear of a train. He's campaigning for senator there in Illinois. Paul Kamman is running against him."

"Well its getting late. I'll have to run along to the concert. Come over if you can! Its been great to sec you!"

"Yes, you bet. I'll be there! I have tickets for the front seat. Do your best for '22! What's that old motto of ours, 'Come on'—'go on,' no! 'Carry on.' That's the stuff! S'long, Bob."



AUTHORITY ON TRUCK GARDENING

Class Will

We, the class of nineteen twenty-two, of Shields High School, Seymour, Indiana, being of sound mind and disposing memory, hereby do make, declare and publish this, our last will and testament, and revoke all other wills heretofore made by us.

Together we leave the school building, equipment, and grounds in charge of our successors and contemporaries, the Juniors.

Robert Barbour leaves to Charles Ross his boyhood masterpiece, a volume of "Simplified Spelling" containing his special key to pronunciation.

Mary Brown gives to Ethel Dunn the right to use her famous laugh which has recently been analyzed by Mr. Phillips and found to be unclassifiable.

Francis Geile and John Hunter, renowned electricians depend upon Franklin Swain and Leslie Russell to carry on their work of mending all short circuits and fractured fuse plugs.

Grace Dunn, Emalyn Collins, Dorothy Smith, and Kathryn Kirsch bequeath their positions in the orchestra to the Junior Boys' penny recital Jazz Band.

James Fenton abandons his parking space in front of the school with only the simple request that his successor be the owner of a Ford. Charles Linke appears to be the legitimate heir.

The Senior Girls hand down all umbrellas found in their wrap hangers, to the Junior Girls. They belonged to them at one time or other any way.

Arthur Kaufman and Donald Miller resign their position as official eraser testers in favor of George Wilson. The only requirement is that he must break in all new erasers by the hurling method.

Alice Foster appoints Toots Hyatt as the High School Orator for the year ending May, 1923. Margaret Riehl wills her Commercial Arithmetic note book to Lydia Krue.

Ray Julian and Robert Mann leave the recipe and all necessary apparatus for distilling Raisin Jack to the elder sons of the Houses of Honan and McCord.

Lawrence Hatfield, Carl Malick and Francis Fettig, champion consumers of milk and graham crackers bestow that honor upon Maurice Haper and Hubert Hedges.

Louise Werning leaves the title of Ass't. Musical Directress to be taken by Elma and Erma.

Paula Breitfield and Frances Gill, drawing room flunkies, depend upon Dorothy Mahorney and Ted Bartlett to keep Miss Paul supplied with paint, peanuts and pencils for the next school year.

Chester Fill asks Glen Utterback to continue his work of interrupting classes at every half period.

Stella Hallowell donates a keg of rouge to be sold at auction to the Junior Girls for the benefit of next year's Annual.

Owen Carter and Florence Becker gave to Gladys Hudson their carefully worked out "Student's Guide to Skipping." This book contains useful illustrations and maps of all the principle and obscure skipping routes in existence.

Constance Adams and Edith Beukman, will their bashfulness to Hershall McClintock and Vera Lockmund.

Lloyd Schafer, writer and character actor, relents in his policy of superiority enough to appoint Arthur Becker as the future "High School Critic of Anything and Everything."

Eloise Lee and Helen Blevins leave the position of test evaders to the Junior Boys with Charles Keach as acting chairman of the committee on "Ways and Means."

Hershall Ruddick and Marie Kysar bequeath the northwest corner of room 7 to Hardin Hancock and Katherine James.

Mathilde Kessler's position as leader of the "Bobbed Hair Fiends" will be left to "Cotton" Baldwin.

Fern Rhodes and Gladys Breitfield leave to Florence Blain and Pearl Banta the responsibility of interferring with Mr. Phillip's radio outfit by giggle waves.

Paul Kamman thrusts upon Lewis Adams the position of official "Knife Lender."

Ruth Robertson and Agnes Riordan, after having considered several bids, now leave the task of littering up newly swept floors with torn up notes, to Harold Misamore and Clifton Fischbach. John Deal gives to Bob McCord the honor of official desk decorator.

Brunow Ahlbrand and Charles Banta leave their well established taxi system to James Honan and Charles Ross.

Witness our hand and seal this eleventh day of May, nineteen twenty-two.

(Signed) THE RED AND WHITES, '22.

CHRONOLOGY

- SEPTEMBER 12. Back again to the old school,
No more fun at the swimmin' pool.
- SEPTEMBER 19. Getting acquainted with Minerva,
The Freshmen from their classes "swerva."
- SEPTEMBER 26. Classes closed and Donald Miller
Will have to be an English "Tiller."
- SEPTEMBER 30. Seniors have been invited out,
Linke's woods to roam and scout.
- OCTOBER 12. It rained, we came back under cover,
Ever afterwards to stay with "Muvver."
- OCTOBER 12. Columbus sailed the ocean blue,
To find America for me and you.
- OCTOBER 29. Now wages the class tournament,
Seniors sing Juniors' lament.
- OCTOBER 31. Hallowe'en on the 31st this year.
- NOVEMBER 11. This was a patriotic date
Cause for some to stay out late.
- NOVEMBER 18. Seniors organized at a class meeting
And in the voting there was no cheating.
- NOVEMBER 23. Senior party comes off tonight,
All are hoping 'twill be moonlight.
- NOVEMBER 25. A lot of kids going to North Vernon
Rather do that than to be "a learnin'."
- NOVEMBER 28. Back again to these sacred halls,
No more time for teas or balls.
- DECEMBER 1. We'er always fond of bazaars,
To think of missing study hours.
- DECEMBER 9. Bazaars always cause a lot of work,
Causing some from classes to shirk.
- DECEMBER 12. Bazaar is over and a big success,
Beyond our dreams or even guess.
- DECEMBER 23. Christmas is coming, accept our cheer
And good wishes for 'Math' next year.
- JANUARY 2. We've been making New Year resolutions,
Oh how we'll get our Geometry solutions.
- JANUARY 8. Where, oh where, was our class President!
Somebody please tell us where he went.
- JANUARY 16. Just one more week in this semester,
The faculty are all using a "tester."
- FEBRUARY 6. After two long toilsome weeks
The voice of "Springtime" speaks.
- FEBRUARY 8. When Seniors pictures were received,
How some people were deceived!
- FEBRUARY 13. Im taking my pen to write a line,
For tomorrow we write a valentine.
- FEBRUARY 14. O thou clinging columbine
Wilt thou be my Valentine?
I know this sounds like tommy-rot,
But do come be my hottentot.



OUR DEAR
DEPARTED



SCARECROW



GOING UP



M'RE



WOOD



TWO OF A KIND



"DOT"



SNOWBALLS

FEBRUARY 16. James Oscar begs a picture from Stella,
 It must be awful to have a regular fellow.

FEBRUARY 17. Listen my children and you shall hear
 Of Miss Cobbs going away this year.
 To our eyes it brought many a tear,
 To us Miss Cobb was a friend sincere.
 And when we heard she must depart,
 It rent the strings of each little heart.

FEBRUARY 23. I guess love has its own romatic way,
 Miss Hanna had on a ring to-day.

MARCH 2. Miss Andrews said, "Stories you must write,
 But not on a fishing trip or a new kite."

MARCH 21. Meeting today to sell chocolate bars
 And how they eat 'em, "O, my stars!"

MARCH 22. Patriot dedicated to the school,
 Where we ne'er disobeyed the rule.

MARCH 24. Jim tells us onions are hard to beat,
 Shakspeare kept them for Hamlet to eat.

MARCH 29. Senior Program, Eloise gave a reading,
 It was a great help tward our succeeding.

MARCH 31. Tomorrow is Saturday and April Fool,
 Too bad that we can't be in school.

APRIL 4. Miss Tilly dressed in a frock so frilly,
 Did get up, announce, she thought it silly
 For boys and girls the halls to walk
 And sit around to chat or talk.
 She said her Math. classes would disperse
 And for our grades there'd be a hearse
 If it wasn't stopped; now this bit of advice
 Should closely be heeded for 'tis very nice.

APRIL 6. Now Seniors lay off a few days
 For Mr. Beriault and class plays.

APRIL 7. Tonight Alice joins in the debate,
 Let us hope she can go to the state.

APRIL 21. Tomorrow is the big tract meet,
 Seymour will show 'em how to beat.

APRIL 24. Freetown won. Perfect scream!
 But Seymour has a baseball team.

APRIL 28. "In the spring a young man's fancy
 Lightly turns to thoughts of love."
 It seems that this has happened
 To our little "Mitchell dove."

MAY 12. Brown County! ! !

MAY 20. Reception.

MAY 21. Baccalaureate.

MAY 22. "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."

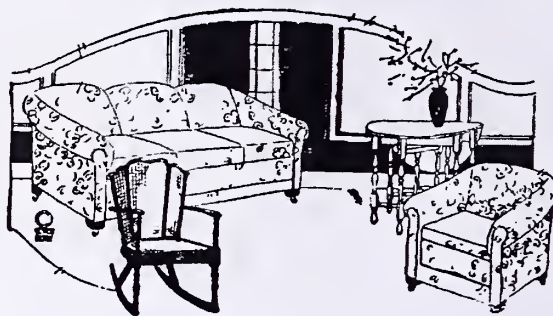
MAY 23. "Twig of Thorn—Garroters."

MAY 24. Class Day.

MAY 25. Commencement.

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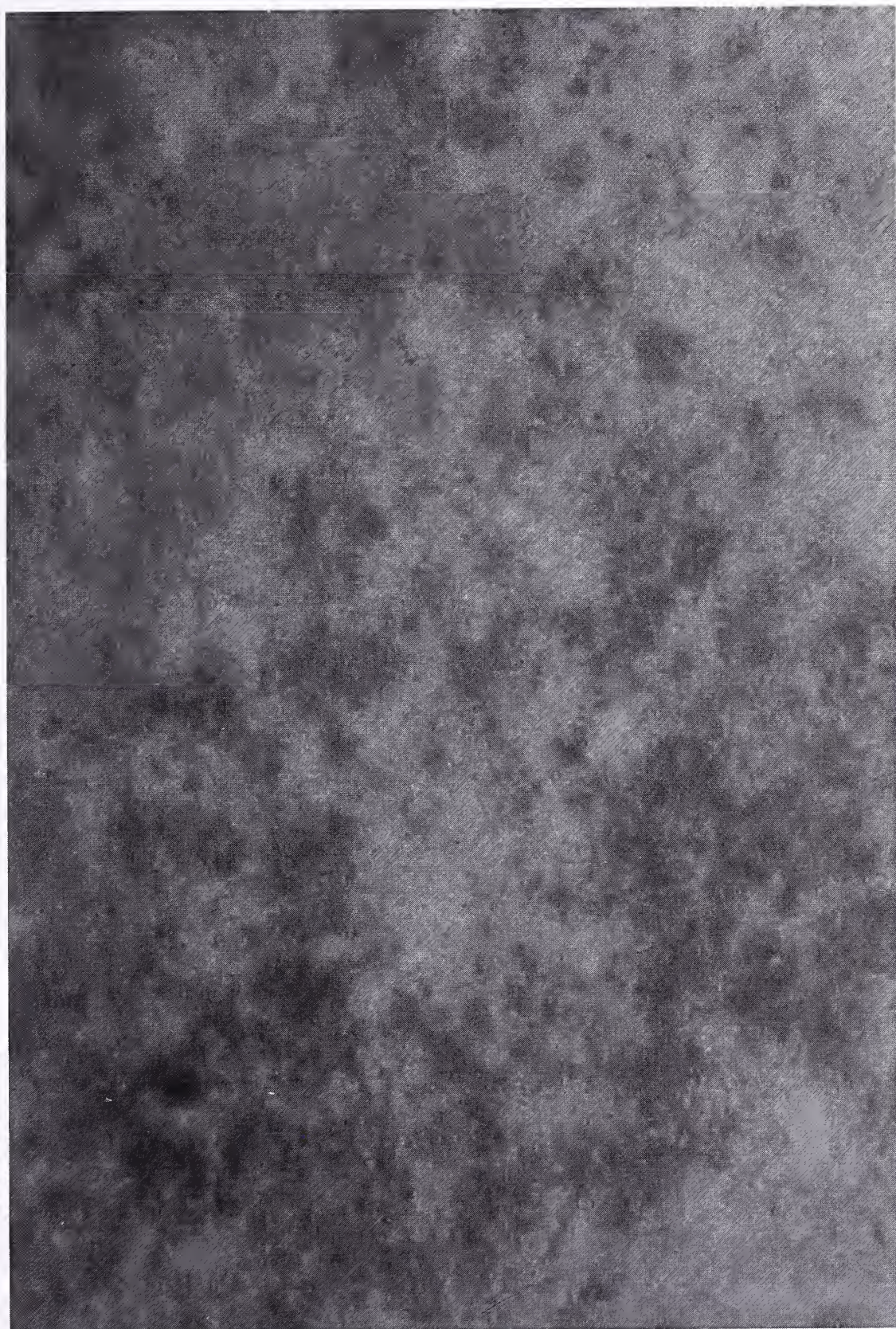


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